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FRONTISPIECE.

Listening for the Hunters Cry,
Ere he leap the bubbling brook,
See the Stag, with anxious eye,
Timidly around him look!

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THE WEAVER'S BOY,

A Tale;

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSEND.

1872

Second Edition,

WITH ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

LONDON:

THOMAS BOYS, LUDGATE HILL.

1825.

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NOTICE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

In bringing forward a second edition of my poems, I have endeavoured to render them less unworthy of public attention. Not unmindful of the friendly criticism of some of the reviews, I have, in compliance with their advice, omitted several poems, and greatly compressed others. The sonnets have been carefully corrected, and considerably altered. The odes, which, before, had little of the ode, but the name, have been reduced to a regular form; with the exception of the one entitled Dramatic. In this, it was my wish to combine the rapid transitions of lyrical poetry with the dialogue of the drama. I fear that it is an anomaly in writing,

but, as the experiment originates with myself, I must be content to bear whatever critical censure, it may call forth. A few poems are also added, which have not been published before.

In these days (as the admirable author of the "Sketch Book" expresses it) "of hot heads, and fiery hearts," the studier of Gray, Collins, and Warton, has but little chance of attracting attention; yet I will not revenge myself by drawing bills upon posterity, which posterity may never pay. That I have written for fame, as well as amusement, I will not deny; but

> "Enough for me, if, to some feeling breast,
> "My lines a secret sympathy impart."
>
> *Gray.*

TO

ROBERT SOUTHEY,

THESE POEMS ARE INSCRIBED,

IN TOKEN OF GRATITUDE AND AFFECTION.

Not to thy genius, so diffusely bright,
My Muse, O Southey, pays her homage here,
But to thy virtues, in the private sphere
Of friendship best observ'd. The distant sight
May scan a mountain's majesty, and height,
But only he, whose step hath wander'd near,
Hath seen its groves, and bosom'd cots appear,
And felt their presence with a home delight.
In early youth, thine ear was kindly lent
To the faint trials of my slender pipe,
And now, when haply still, as then, unripe,
To thee this public tribute I present,
With admiration warm esteem will blend,
And greet thee as the poet less than friend.

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THE WEAVER'S BOY.

A Tale.

THE WEAVER'S BOY.

Who once so blithe as William Field was known,
And now so blest, since Mary is his own?
Who so industrious, in his small neat room,
To ply the busy labours of the loom?
Then what pure joy, when evening's welcome close
Dropt the soft curtain of serene repose,
The cheerful blaze, the social board to greet,
By toil's harsh contrast render'd doubly sweet;
While each domestic pleasure, simply small,
Was still enhanc'd by having earn'd it all.
But, ah! not his, what only can ensure
Substantial bliss, and make our joys endure,
That fix'd, that steady principle within,
The guide to virtue, and the guard from sin:
Daily to kneel, at church aloud to pray,
While his loose thoughts were wand'ring far away,

Was his religion. Marvel not he fell,
But rather how he stood so long, so well;
Virtuous, because temptation ne'er assail'd,
But soon it came, more soon, alas, prevail'd!
One eve, when toil was o'er, his silent hearth
Miss'd the gay prattle of accustom'd mirth:
The ale-house had receiv'd its luckless guest:
"What could he do? a friend so warmly prest."
Ah! who from Virtue's path has ever past,
Who found the first step could be made the last?
Next time, he went to drink his Mary's health,
Then meet a neighbour, and at last by stealth.
Alas, when aught we fear should be reveal'd,
Still find we more, that we would wish conceal'd;
'Till Sin, grown bold, no longer shrinks away,
But bares her forehead to the open day!
Why should the Muse, with vain endeavour, dwell
On what all eloquence were vain to tell;
How trembling love the first slight wound receives,
Suspects, doubts, hesitates, at last believes?
For him, no more unsullied love had charms,
He left the wife's, and sought the wanton's, arms.
To deck her person miserably gay,
He squander'd all the earnings of the day:
See, o'er the bowl, in noisy mirth, they sit,
With laugh, and song, and wild indecent wit:

Then turn to yonder dwelling, pierce the gloom
Of yon dark, silent, melancholy, room,
Where, all alone, the more than widow'd wife
Ponders her sad vicissitude of life,
And, ever and anon advancing nigher,
Hangs o'er the remnants of her wretched fire;
'Tis but mechanical: the mind will steel
The frame against the worst, that it can feel.
She thinks not of the cold; it can impart
No pang to her, whose chill is of the heart.
Yet she complain'd not; 'twas her eye alone,
Her alter'd cheek, her voice's falt'ring tone,
Which told she knew the miserable lot,
He car'd but little, if she knew or not.
She soon will be a mother; that fond hope
Still, still with torturing sorrow bids her cope:
" How oft, in happier days, he has exprest
" The wish most warmly cherish'd in his breast,
" His Mary's likeness in her babe to see;
" He will not, cannot, coldly turn from me!"
The hour is come. " My William, O what joy,
" Our infant lives, and is a lovely boy!
" But, oh, my last, last shilling, it is gone,
" And I am left, without support, alone!"
" I'm glad the brat's a boy, at any rate,
" For, if he lives, he'll do the work I hate;

" And, as for money, why, this sixpence take."
'Twas one, that she had giv'n him for her sake!
She hears no more, for she has heard the knell,
Which sounds to all her ling'ring hopes farewell;
With one appealing look of mute distress
Her eyelids close in transient lifelessness;
While he just asks some neighbouring dame to come,
And tend his wife; then careless quits the room.
Oh, how couldst thou that agony survive?
'Twas nature whisper'd, " for thine infant live."
And thou didst live. This weary world below
Were no sad scene of trial, scarce of woe,
If, with the first keen, penetrating stroke,
God's chast'ning hand inflicts, the full heart broke;
Therefore, made stronger than ourselves believe,
We live, grief's perfect measure to receive,
While death's kind slumber seems to fly from woes,
And latest lull the wretched to repose.
Yet ev'n thine anguish, yielding for a while,
Fled from before thy child's endearing smile;
Thy inmost heart the potent charm confest,
And all the mother woke within thy breast.
What woe can conquer, or what force controul,
That more than love, that instinct of the soul?
Not all the warmest of affection's zeal,
Brother for brother, friend for friend, can feel,

Or for his bride, the new-made bridegroom prove,
Can match that holy, that surpassing love.
Then, as he grew, his first faint words to hear,
O best of music to a mother's ear!
Till, looking in thy face, and creeping nigh,
He wistfully would ask, "What makes you cry?"
That question draws a fuller gush of tears,
But they relieve the heart, and then the smile appears.
Oft with maternal pride she view'd the child,
His face so fair, his large blue eye so mild;
And such his temper; one, whom nature forms,
Unfit to struggle with life's ruder storms.
Nurs'd in the lap of grief, his timid soul
From all around, a kindred sadness stole.
Oft, as he past a childish group at play,
He seem'd to ask, "Why am I not as they?"
Not so defin'd the feeling, nor exprest,
Yet such the mute sensation of his breast.

The father, where was he? his sullen meal,
Where all in silence seem'd restraint to feel,
Was seldom snatch'd at home; he rarely slept
With her, who could not sleep, but woke and wept.
Instinctively the boy his aspect fear'd,
And, scarcely knowing why, shrunk back if he appear'd:
While filial love, concentrated in one,
Was doubly strong; he only seem'd *her* son.

Years roll'd away, to all or swift or slow,
As pleasure wing'd them or retarded woe.
Seven now are number'd since young Edmund's birth,
To him all happy in his quiet mirth;
But now the sad, the dreaded time is come,
When he must labour at the daily loom,
While Mary, though the hours have slowly past,
Still asks, half doubting, "Is it come at last?"
Task'd by his tyrant father, and at length,
Like a worst slave, beyond his slender strength,
Beaten on each pretence, howe'er untrue,
And for not doing what he could not do,
The sorrowing boy began to droop and fade,
His spirits broken, and his health decay'd.
But then the mother, who had still repress
Her own deep sorrows in her silent breast,
Rous'd for her child, with indignation rose,
And dar'd complain; and what the answer? blows!
Poor Edmund rush'd in agony between,
With feeble efforts her, he lov'd, to screen.
"Strike me, but not my mother!" With an oath,
The base, unmanly tyrant struck them both.
Oft was the scene repeated, and three years
Past slowly onward between threats and tears.
Then to her breast the savage blow was driven;
It was the kindest he had ever given!

It left the cureless malady behind ;
Cure of the worse, inflicted on her mind,
She never told, she sought no skill to save,
But sank, contented, gently to the grave.
" O home of peace! the weary rest from care!
" O bliss! the wicked cease from troubling there!"
Then, while her heart-struck Edmund wept beside,
She blest him, kist his pallid cheek, and died.

See to the grave the small procession come;
The child, the father, follow to the tomb.
O mockery! the mourning garb he wears,
And hides his face, to hide his want of tears;
While the poor orphan'd boy beside him stands,
Sobs, with convulsive force, and wrings his hands.
Well may'st thou mourn, thy only friend is gone,
And thou in loneliness must suffer on;
In worse than loneliness, for that were joy
To weep, where none thy sorrows might annoy.
None hast thou now, whose tender words may cheer,
Whose hand wipe off the still-returning tear;
On whose kind breast to hang for sweet relief,
While grief imparted seems no longer grief.
But thou must see a proud, vain, wanton led
Where once thy mother prest the marriage bed,
And, at the table, shuddering view the chair,
For her mild looks no longer meet thee there.

The female fiend, who had usurp'd her place,
Hated the living portrait of her face,
Snatch'd all, the father left, of inward bliss,
And join'd her curses, and her blows, to his.
If e'er, for sometimes ev'n the worst will melt,
One struggle of parental love he felt,
She knew to stifle, with infernal art,
The better purpose of his soft'ning heart.

Poor child! when both, beneath the night, went forth
To join the revels of intemperate mirth,
He sought his mother's grave, those tears to shed,
Which he must hide, by day, with cautious dread.
His trembling limbs to earth he there would throw,
And sob th' impassion'd, broken, words of woe.
"Oh, Mother! hear me! Dearest Mother! speak!
"Oh, answer! answer! or my heart will break!"
Then, pale and spiritless, at morn would rise,
And bear new chiding for his redden'd eyes.

Thou, whom he weeps, more warmly should'st have striven
To draw an antidote to woe from heaven;
That only balm, which could relief impart,
The silent, deep, religion of the heart:
Thyself didst feel its sweet, consoling power;
O why not leave thy child that heav'nly dower?
'Tis ever thus; all wish their offspring blest
For this they early rise, and late take rest;

But, oh, how few th' immortal spirit feed
With what will profit in the hour of need!
And now, while, spent in drinking, day by day,
The father's means verge swifter to decay,
His wretched victim feels 'tis hard to know
When sorrow here has reach'd its worst of woe;
His slumbers shorten'd, exercise debarr'd,
His meals more scanty, and his tasks more hard;
Ev'n the bless'd day, which brings its sweet repose
To all that breathe, for him no Sabbath rose.
To some back chamber was the loom transferr'd,
Where he might labour still, the sound unheard.
But now the worst *is* come, through gradual care
His soul sinks deep, then settles in despair!
No more he weeps, he scarcely seems to sigh,
But bears his lot with languid apathy:
His sunken eye, more dim, more hollow grew,
His pale cheek deepen'd to a livid hue,
All food seem'd poison which he loath'd to touch,
And ev'n that stinted meal for him became too much.
Look on him, wretch! 'tis thou hast written there
Unnatural sorrow, and untimely care!
Once was that cheek with health's best colours bright,
And that eye sparkled with untroubled light:
'Tis thou hast bid all these for ever flee;
And who art thou? his father! Can it be?

Roam to the farthest realms, where endless snow
Forbids the human spark of life to glow,
Affection's noble instinct may be trac'd,
Ev'n in the shapeless tenant of the waste;
Wound her lov'd offspring, and she will not fly,
She first defends them, then with them will die:
In death's last pang, beside them bleeding lies,
Licks their poor wounds, and, as she licks them, dies.
But thou, whom guilt than brute has render'd less,
Sunk in the depths of sordid selfishness,
On thine own child dost wreak thy wanton rage,
And nip the blossom of his tender age.
How couldst thou snatch kind Nature's precious boon,
Which Nature's self, alas, revokes too soon,
That unconcern, which happy childhood knows,
Those buoyant spirits, and that blest repose,
Which fears no future, and laments no past,
Nor asks the present, if it flies too fast?
O how disturb the pure, untroubled source,
Whence childhood's tears derive their gentle course,
Bid them no longer from the surface flow,
But ope the deep, the bitter, fount below?
And cause the sigh no longer to depart
Light as the breeze, but wring it from the heart?
Go, bid the tear the cheek of manhood steep,
'Tis manhood's lot to suffer, and to weep;

Hurl to his bosom sorrow's keenest dart,
But spare, O spare, sweet childhood's careless heart!
Upon that Eden, ere th' appointed hour,
O, let not in the spoilers to devour,
Lest, sinning thus against the laws of heaven,
Like Satan's self, thou should'st not be forgiven!

The thirteenth year had now scarce past away,
Since Edmund's eyes first open'd on the day,
One autumn's eve, his father, ere he went
To the low haunt, where half his hours were spent,
Exacted from his labour doubly more,
Than even *he* had e'er requir'd before.
" Bestir thyself, thou idle, loitering loon,
" I must have money; see thy work be done
" Ere morning, or another stick I'll get
" And beat thee, as thou ne'er wert beaten yet."
The words, convey'd through sorrow's medium dense,
Bore their harsh import slowly to his sense.
A blow arous'd him. " Ideot, dost thou hear?
" Must I *twice* bawl my orders in thine ear?"
Then, pointing to the loom, " There, sit thee down,"
He cried, and left his victim with a frown,
Who stood awhile with lost, bewilder'd air,
Then heartless, reckless, sank upon his chair:
And, the hard task though hopeless to fulfil,
His fingers move mechanically still.

But now he starts convulsively, and seems
Like one awak'ning from perturbed dreams.
A strange wild light came glancing o'er his eye,
And his cheek flush'd a moment, "I will die!"
Oh, was there none to bid thee timely flee,
Poor child of woe, to Him who died for thee?

At morn the father sought the working-room,
It was deserted; in the silent loom
The web but just begun, the chair o'erturn'd,
As if in haste, and sudden anguish spurn'd.
"What, dares he thus indulge himself in rest?"
He seeks his chamber; lo, the bed unprest!
Then, fierce with passion, "Surely he is fled,
"But I'll soon fetch him back." Canst thou recal the dead?
He hasten'd forth, and met a gath'ring throng,
Who, in the midst, bore some dead weight along.
They stop; divide, with execrating hiss,
"Thy cruelty hath driv'n thy son to this!"
Yes, it was he! The ghastly-staring eye,
Which, open still, seem'd life's dread mockery,
The livid blackness of the cheek, unfold
The tale of horror, ere it yet is told.

'Twas at the close of the preceding day,
When gathering clouds gave speed to light's decay,
A neighbour saw the boy, with aspect wild,
Brush quickly by; yet, as he pass'd, he smil'd.

He felt inclin'd, he said, to stop the lad,
And ask him, "Whither running? Art thou mad?"
"*Almost*," he added, ('twas his usual word,
The gentle favorite of th' inactive herd,
Who idle curiosity condemn,
And heed but little what regards not them)
Almost he meant to follow, and he bent
His steps awhile the way that Edmund went.
The boy was gone, and, when he saw him not,
He thought it cold, turn'd homeward, and forgot.
He too was one not overskill'd to trace
The mind's expressive movements in the face;
Or how, untimely victim of despair,
Gaz'd he on thine, nor saw death written there?

There is a nook, where elms o'erbranching shield
A lonely hovel in a spacious field,
Where the wild colt in summer might retreat
Escape the show'r, or shun the sultry heat.
Thither a peasant, at the dawn of day,
Bore in his arms a fresh supply of hay;
Whistling in careless mirth, approach'd the rack,
Uprais'd his eyes; then trembling started back:
He saw the hapless boy's suspended weight,
And cut in haste the cord. It was too late!
The spirit was for ever fled. Ah, where?
Nay, fond, rash man, be reverent and forbear!

The eyes of the Omniscient may see
A door of mercy, unespied by thee.
What felt the father? 'Twas regretted pelf,
The hate of labor, "I must work myself"
And some slight shame of man suffus'd his cheek,
And made him falter, as he strove to speak:
"Yes, I have been too harsh." In under tone,
"Had I been less, he might have still work'd on."
Remorse, not always do thy thunders roll,
When man would deem that they must shake the soul.
Unmov'd the murderer eyes the blood-stain'd knife,
Which slew the father, or remov'd the wife.
God gives the word, and, lo, thy terrors wake,
Nor know again the slumber, which they break.
Ah, then thy goads the mind to madness urge.
Thy hand unpitying plies the noiseless scourge;
While, at thy side, immortal Memory still
Mocks each vain effort of the baffled will,
Haunts every waking hour with new distress,
Ev'n from short slumber steals forgetfulness,
And, still untir'd by time, or change, where'er
Turns the sick soul, presents her mirror there.
Thus to the guilty man too surely came
Th' appointed hour, which wrapt his heart in flame.
Deep ineradicable habits lurk
Within his breast; he will not, cannot work.

The nearer ruin, still the less he thinks,
Sells all he has, spends all he can, and drinks.
Now, since the fatal day, a year had past;
When thus he mused: "One shilling! 'Tis my last!
"Well, I will spend it merrily at least;
"What griefs by grieving ever were decreas'd?
"To-morrow, with no better chance for pelf,
"A pistol charg'd for others, or myself."
Then, hemming off th' involuntary sigh,
He sought the scene of vulgar revelry,
And, with his old companions, madly quaff'd
The tempting poison, and as madly laugh'd.
The market-clock night's deepest hour had told,
A storm had risen, and the thunder roll'd.
Yet, still unaw'd, carous'd the harden'd crew;
"If heav'n is noisy, we'll be noisy too."
Loud grew the song; when, lo, terrific light
Glar'd through the room, insufferably bright.
The instant thunder follow'd on the flash,
In one short, quick, unutterable crash.
The crazy building totter'd to the stroke,
And darken'd with a dun, sulphureous smoke.
The dreadful portent sober'd ev'n the drunk,
The sounds of riot lessen'd, waver'd, sunk.
Each on the other gaz'd, and quak'd to view
His neighbour's face o'erspread with ghastly blue.

When William Field, as starting from a dream,
Broke the dread silence with a piercing scream.
Fix'd were his eyes; his frame disorder'd shook;
" There, there they stand! (he cried) Look yonder, look!"
" Who, who ?" they all exclaim'd, in accents wild:
" What! see you not? My murder'd wife and child!
" Fiends drag me down! Oh, torture me no more!"
He fell, and, senseless, writh'd upon the floor.
Life, o'er his frame, once more its influence shed,
But the soul's life, celestial Reason, fled.
Yet Memory wak'd too well, and all within
Was but one thought of dark, unpardon'd sin.
The last sad wreck of human guilt to hide,
A maniac's cell the parish alms provide:
As piecemeal drops the blasted oak away,
Touch'd by the hand of God, he sank in slow decay.
Such was the tale, which charm'd my list'ning youth,
Indebted less to Fancy than to Truth.
A grey-hair'd peasant gave it to mine ear,
With many a pause of wonder, and of fear,
As he, with faltering steps, my way would guide,
To that lone scene of early suicide,
Where yet remains, though now for ever shut,
In superstitious dread, th' ill-omen'd hut.
That fatal spot the simple rustics shun,
Nor dare to pass it after set of sun.

Gazing by day, will shake their heads, and sigh,
And breathe a guardian prayer in wand'ring by.
Oft too I sought the village yew-tree's shade,
Where, by his mother's side, was Edmund laid;
And, musing there, at evening's pensive time,
I wove his mournful story into rhyme.

ODES.

ODES.

ODE I.

TO MEMORY.

STROPHE.

THOU, who, with lifted wand sublime,
While gathering back the pall of Time,
Dost point the shadowy forms, that pass,
Successive, o'er thy wizard glass,
Thee, Memory, thee, what hues shall paint?
Drooping now, like dying saint,
Thee, the pale Nun, Repentance, leads,
In some dim cave, to tell thy beads,
And, far from toiling haunts of men,
To live, a weeping Magdalen.
Now the young Euphrosyne
Braids the jocund dance with thee.

Ah, frenzi'd now, with frantic force,
Thou wav'st thy torch o'er dread Remorse!
Lo, by its lurid light, appear
Wrath's fierce bloodhounds, chasing Fear!
(O'er quaking cliff, o'er wild morass,
O'er pit, and precipice, they pass:)
Anguish, who pours, without controul,
In bursting sobs, her loosen'd soul;
Clasping her knees, where leans her head,
Its scatter'd tresses forward spread:
Despair, who starts, and wrings his hands,
Then, like a moonstruck ideot, moping stands.
Ah, rather, lost in tranced fit,
At Music's side, soft mourner, sit,
And all her blithest strains repeat
In plaintive echoes, sadly sweet:
'Midst Autumn's falling garlands stray,
Or couch thee on the bank of May,
To quaff the fragrance of some flower,
Belov'd in childhood's artless hour.

EPODE.

O long rever'd! With no unmeaning praise
Did early Greece thy name celestial chuse,
When, in the ardor of her deathless lays,
She hail'd thee parent of each varied Muse

On all the Powers of mind thy radiance streams,
Like planets, only by reflection, bright,
Wit does but hold his prism to thy beams,
And flash abroad the many-colour'd light.

Invention twines her chaplet from thy flow'rs,
Fancy, on thy bold wing, spurns earth's domain,
Ev'n Hope can only snatch thy sunniest hours,
And bid them glow beneath her brighter reign.

Say, stor'd in what innumerous cells, unseen,
Hiv'st thou thy treasures, each from each apart?
All that has slept, as if it ne'er had been,
How can'st thou bid to new existence start?

Ah, whence do unknown scenes familiar seem,
As if the soul life's pageant had rehears'd?
Ah, whence does many a vague, day-waking dream
From some forgotten past, mysterious, burst?

When every sense unconscious Slumber shrouds,
Still, still, thy quenchless energies awake;
Thy forms ev'n Madness only half o'erclouds,
Like broken shadows in a ruffled lake.

ANTISTROPHE.

Pale porteress of the haunted cell,
Where our lost joys, and sorrows dwell,
Oft, Memory, turn thy magic key,
And ope thy precious stores for me!
For, though, with Pleasure, at thy side,
Pain, a sister-handmaid, glide,
Each draws from each such kindred grace,
We know not which our arms embrace.
When hushing rains descend around,
With soft monotony of sound,
When the weakly-flitting breeze
Moans, like distant dashing-seas,
Oft let thy gentle voice renew'd
Steal on my thoughtful solitude.
Or if the Moon, from Heav'n's blue steep,
Calmly smile on Nature's sleep,
Oh, soothe me with thy whisper'd talk,
Companion of my lonely walk!
With me thy classic spoils explore,
Recal each godlike deed of yore,
Whate'er thou gav'st to Clio's pen,
Truth, Nature, passions, manners, men;
Through darker ages, cautious, wind,
And backward trace the mighty march of mind.

When life to other worlds takes wing,
To view no gorgon terrors bring;
Lead bright-ey'd Joy, and Hope serene,
Who loves on humble Faith to lean;
And, when thine airy glance is cast,
At one wide sweep, o'er all the past,
Whate'er thy deathless office be,
Beam an immortal smile on me!

ODE II.

ON THE

DIVERSITY OF POETIC CHARACTER.

I. 1.

Apollo, as thy radiant car
Tints each attendant cloud with varied light,
When the young Hours Morn's orient gate unbar,
Or meek-ey'd Evening woos thy westering flight;
These with a chasten'd warmth imbues,
Those with countless gorgeous hues;
Here, clearly sheds its golden beams,
There, dimly breaks in scatter'd gleams,
While few, in full refulgence, roll,
Nearest, beneath its glowing pole;
Thus, in each mind, which shares thy fires,
Thy touch, O Lord of Song, a different zeal inspires.

I. 2.

Unquiet as the stricken deer,
O'er brooks, and steeps, the young enthusiast leans,
Oft-pausing, sighs, and drops th' unconscious tear,
Knknowing what the soft confusion means;

Till feeling, as he pours his strains,
Novel sweetness thrill his veins,
While all his fancied cares depart,
To thee he vows his grateful heart.
Unskill'd, with piercing eye, to scan
That more perplexing volume, Man,
O'er Nature's page, enrapt, he pores,
Her finer secrets reads, her coyer depths explores.

I. 3.

Who is he, whose fingers stray,
So wildly, o'er the changeful lyre?
Whose dark eyes flash a troubled ray,
Restless with more than mortal fire?
Now, by fantastic Horror led,
High on the rock he lifts his lofty form,
While the pale lightnings weave around his head,
In careless grandeur, lost amid the storm.
Now the Moon's uncertain light
Gives his sunk cheek a ghastlier white.
'Tis he, 'tis he, who, in the gifted hour,
O Pythius, at thy Delphic altar kneels!
The Passions rave around! He rocks! He reels!
Friend of mankind, ah, where thy soothing power?
Lo, the same gleam, which innocently plays
On Summer's balmy eve, awakes the tempest's blaze!

II. 1.

Ah, turn to him, who, temperate, wields
Of Eloquence the finely-temper'd sword;
To whom her keenest arrows Satire yields,
Yet all in Virtue's golden quiver stor'd.
His steps unfaltering Reason guides,
Near him calm Persuasion glides;
Nor far apart, with frown serene,
Is lofty Indignation seen;
Wit, ever-restless in his wiles,
Who seldom laughs, but often smiles,
And still a slight disdain, the while,
Lurks in his dimpled cheek, and points his gayest smile.

II. 2.

Hark! Woods re-echo, rocks rebound
The piercing sound of the inspiring horn!
What godlike shadows answer to the sound,
From old Thermopylæ, from Cannæ born!
They throng the minstrel, who disdains
Lydian measures, Attic strains.
Where the red-quivering, lurid air
Glows with the burning city's glare;
Where Danger leaps the dizzy flood,
And Strife her loose hair bathes in blood;
In Fancy's chariot rapt on high,
He drinks the dying groan, the victor's thrilling cry.

II. 3.

From the blue, and summer wave
I see a fairy isle ascend;
There, in a coral-woven cave,
Young nymphs a queen-like form attend:
One gives her locks a braided charm,
Where Grace and Negligence divinely meet,
One clasps the bracelet on her rounded arm,
One binds the sandals on her polish'd feet.
While, from ever-blooming bowers,
A winged boy is gathering flowers.
What bade the vision rise? Heart-melting lays,
That floated by from deep Idalia's grove,
Rich with delight, and redolent of love,
Touch'd by the bard, for whom th' inspiring rays,
Quench'd in soft clouds, in rosy brightness, shine,
And wake the odorous fires on Cytherea's shrine.

III. 1.

Phantoms of idle bliss, away!
Divorc'd from all the guileful joys of sense,
With him, I waste the meditative day,
Who seeks that bright, ideal Excellence,
Which, o'er the wilderness of earth,
Flies the soul, that gave it birth.
Not Ceres' self, o'er vale and wild,
More ceaseless sought her ravish'd child

More eager snatch'd, from Etna's light,
A torch, to guide her steps by night,
Than he, o'er mental tracts, pursues,
With Science-kindled torch, that Beauty's vision'd hues.

III. 2.

Haste, in the flower-wreath'd goblet pour
The choicest vintage of Falernian birth,
Till the bright rainbow bubbles sparkle o'er,
To pledge the laughing bard, who dwells with Mirth.
Ah no! Through echoing cloisters dim,
Let me roam, entranc'd, with him,
To whom, O Muse, thy semblance pale
Wears Melancholy's matron veil;
Or where, along the endless aisle,
The last, last beams of evening smile,
Or where sad yews, low-moaning, wave,
In silence read, with him, the secrets of the grave.

III. 3.

Cease the song! Can words give name
To hues, of every doubtful die,
That in the kindling Orient flame,
Or melt amid the western sky?
Only, for him, awake the lyre,
Who at Urania's hallow'd altar bends,

And kindles, with a spark of heavenly fire,
The master-torch, that Inspiration lends.
Hark! while peals his deep-ton'd shell,
Angels the halleluiah swell!
For him, the pure, the lofty, and the sweet,
The Muse in one celestial garland binds;
And all the splendors, that, through meaner minds,
Shine scatteringly, in his concentred meet,
As rays, that stream through windows, richly dight
Pour, through the holy fane, one harmony of light.

ODE III.

ON THE FIRST OF DECEMBER.

Now Summer, with her wanton court,
And golden revels, doth resort
To the south side of the world.
Meanwhile, with humid wings unfurl'd,
And dropping robe, comes weary Rain,
First in Winter's sullen train.
Next, Tempest rushes through the air,
With loosen'd zone, and streaming hair:
Blue, meagre Frost behind him steals,
Whose breath all Nature's life congeals,
With rimy-feather'd Snow, who shakes,
From his ample sieve, the flakes.
Nature's colours, lively flowers,
Now are fled from meads, and bowers;
Save that, where wreathed roots emboss
The shelter'd bank of cushion'd moss,
The sickly primrose lifts her eye,
Pale as the ghost of early joy;

Or, from the yellow, wat'ry mead,
The latest crocus rears its head.
Slow, along the cloddy fields,
His bending whip the ploughman wields,
Where the stubble, scorch'd, and tann'd,
Roughens o'er the ravag'd land.
The shrubbery's litter'd walks around,
Bursting chesnuts strew the ground.
The dark-blue sloe, the ruddy haw,
The trooping birds about them draw,
Where spreads the common, bleak, and lone;
While bright, amid the hedge-row brown,
The briar's scarlet fruits are seen,
With tangled threads of tufted green,
Where the robin, rustics say,
Nightly loves his head to lay.
Scarce a trace of verdure past
Streaks the wood, or spots the waste;
Save that a ring of brighter sod
Shows where the twilight elves have trod;
Save that the ivy's arms have wound
Some antique oak's tall trunk around,
Or evergreens, with dusky hue,
Darken the landscape's gloomy view.
Yet, amid the naked trees,
Various tints the poet sees;

The silvery birch, the poplar dark,
The plane-tree, with its mottled bark;
The beech, that, like a mourner, grieves,
Retaining still its wither'd leaves;
And, where the copse its slope displays,
Tipp'd with pink, the shrubby sprays.

The river, once by fits betray'd,
Flashing through its lattic'd shade,
Now, reveal'd to Day's broad beam,
Hurries on, with turbid stream.
Where its rapid eddies gush,
Wildly nods the quivering rush;
And oft the wither'd leaf doth glide,
Swiftly, down the swelling tide.

Mute is every tuneful throat,
That caroll'd blithe its woodland note.
No more the skylark, chasing sorrow,
To Aurora bids good morrow;
No more the thrush, with vesper lay,
Sings lullaby to weary Day;
The busy swallow ne'er is seen
Shadow'd on the sunny green;
Only the flirting, bead-ey'd wren
Haunts the roothouse in the glen;
Or the redbreast, warbling low,
Lightly flits from bough to bough.

Where the curling vapors chill,
Coldly blue, yon eastern hill,
Of all her radiant tresses shorn,
Pale, unjoyous, comes the Morn.
Yet, here and there, a feeble star
Glimmers through the dawning air,
Or, amid the meadows damp,
Twinkles the cotter's early lamp.
The wint'ry prospect opens slow,
The ice-hung rock, the waste of snow,
The spangled cot, the grove embost,
In mockery of leaves, with frost.
Earth, and all her pageantry,
Whelm'd in Heav'n's white ruins, lie.
Slanting through the wat'ry clouds,
Where the Sun his forehead shrouds,
Scarce a single, sickly ray
Can pierce to glad the cheerless day.
Feebly on the frozen stream
Plays the ineffectual beam,
Sweeps the hill, or dimly falls
On the white villa's distant walls,
Wanders up the gloomy glade,
And, glancing on the pale cascade,
(Where the baffled breeze no more
Can catch the torrent's ice-bound roar)

Gleams, reflected on the sight,
In rainbow tints of frozen light.
On the lake's frosted margin troop
The thirsty herds in gather'd group,
And, with drooping aspect, there,
Eye the wave, they cannot share.
Hark! the rude hind, with sturdy blow
Bids the imprison'd waters flow!
Loud rings round, from rock to rock,
In long repeat, the crackling shock;
O'er the wide forest echoes still,
And dies to silence on the hill.
Twilight now the landscape shrouds;
And rapidly the wreathy clouds
Sweep across the sickly streak,
Day had left on Evening's cheek.
Shrill, along the chalky down,
That the sea-beat cliff doth crown,
The plover's and the curlew's scream
Scare Meditation's idle dream.
Seen afar, the stooping sail
Scuds along before the gale:
Now the billows thundering dash,
Now rake the stones, with grating crash.
Gather round the flaring fire!
Heap the crackling faggots higher!

Hark! against the window-pane
Drive the sharp sleet, and pattering rain!
Let the storm around us roar!
We shall feel our comforts more.
Who shall make the cheek grow pale
With a drear, and ghostly tale
Of some sheeted form of air,
Gliding down the midnight stair;
Of warning phantoms, that appear
Just as the spirit flits away
From its sin-worn mould of clay;
Till the eye, glancing oft behind,
Looks for what it fears to find,
And peers into the farthest gloom
Of the half-enlighten'd room.

Now, half-afraid, to bed we creep,
And list the wild winds, till we sleep.
First, whispering, murmuring, from afar
Preludes their hollow note of war;
Nearer, nearer, by degrees,
Wailing through the rustling trees,
Louder, louder, grows their sound,
Till, from the rocking walls around,
Howling, bellowing, they rebound.
Now, struggling in the chimney-top,
They roar. Then all at once they drop;

And, like an echo, far away,
A low, dull moan renews the fray.
Wake, wake, and join the jocund chase!
Snows are fled, and Morn's sweet face
Is peeping from a golden cloud:
While the bugles, clear and loud,
Rouse chanticleer, who joins the din,
Drowsily, the roost within.
Now, we meet the mountain-gale,
Now, sweep along the lonely vale,
Where, amid low, disjointed rocks,
Scantly graze the scatter'd flocks,
Or, perch'd on some rude fragment near,
Curious eye our passing cheer,
While, half in sport, and half in fear,
The colt, unbroken to the rein,
Leaps the ford, and scours the plain.
Dark December, stern, and wild,
Angry Winter's first-born child,
Though, from thy keenly-piercing eye,
The Loves, and timid Graces fly,
Fancy, dauntless maid, unbinds
Her tresses to your boisterous winds.
Let gayer bards, with transport, sing
Voluptuous Summer, laughing Spring,
I will to the storm recite
Thy lofty, and severe delight.

ODE IV.

*HYDON HILL.

Hydon, though the Muses' rill
Never lav'd thy silent hill,
Thou shalt my Parnassus be,
While I raptur'd sing of thee.
From gay Fancy's gorgeous bowers
Pluck I now no flaunting flowers,
For thy brow, I snatch a wreath,
From thy wild, and native heath.
Though to thy side no sheltering grove
Win the stealthy step of Love;
Though a thorn, with ragged crest,
Shield alone thy barren breast,
In thy rudeness I can see
Many a grace, that taketh me.
As a dark, and frowning isle
Makes the blue sea more brightly smile,

---

* Qu. High down? A conical hill in Surrey, to the south of Godalming, overlooking the wolds of Surrey and Sussex.

So thy rough, and steril ground
Heightens Nature's wealth around.
Oft, at balmy Evening mild,
I have roam'd thy trackless wild,
To mark the Sun, ere yet gone down,
Tinge thy rich hues with mellower brown,
And the sportive breezes stir
The red-breast on the juniper,
Ruffling his plumes, that caught a gleam
From the broad orb's last-levell'd beam.
Oft, when the filmy gossamere
Hung, from heathy spear to spear,
Its fairy banners, wrought anew
With opal drops of quivering dew,
I have sought thee, to inhale
Health in every morning gale.
Now, in Summer's noonday pride,
Now I climb thy steepy side.
Look not back, till, from the height,
Burst the prospect on the sight!
Now on the summit rapt I stand,
The centre of the circling land.
See, around, above, below,
What beauties blaze, what colours glow!
Blending, intersecting, meeting,
Or in lengthen'd file retreating;

Slop'd, or, with abrupt abyss,
Scoop'd into chalky precipice;
Smooth, or variously emboss'd,
Bare, or with many a hedge-row cross'd,
Innumerous rise the hills around,
And shut the landscape's farthest bound.
Swells, o'er all, the coping sky,
How grand, how vast a canopy!
Above of deep cerulean hue,
Low it bends to palest blue,
And, on the horizon bright,
Melts away in liquid white,
Where clouds, of downy texture, spread
Pillows meet for angel's head.
Now the restless eye may rove
From mead to mead, from grove to grove;
Now the village church it views
Nested in its ancient yews;
Fields, with corn, or pasture, green,
And stripes of barren heath between;
Villas, farms; and, glimmering cool,
The glassy pond, or rushy pool.
Softly blue the distance fades
In aërial lights, and shades.
All, that a painter's eye can charm,
All, that a poet's heart can warm,

The soul, at one excursive glance,
Seizes amid the wide expanse.
Me an undefin'd delight
Thrills, at the enchanting sight,
And tears are trembling in mine eye,
Children of speechless ecstasy.
Where the vale appears to rise,
And mingle with the meeting skies,
Back'd by the chalk-pit's snowy hue,
Guildford's turrets meet the view.
Above, impends the castle hoar,
Where Tradition's babbling lore
Tells, that a Saxon king did keep
The rightful heir in dungeon deep.
On a rock, above the plain,
Rises Catherine's ruin'd fane;
And, where yonder bold hill swells
From out its deep-entangled dells,
Martha boasts her house of prayer;
Sister-saints the maidens were,
Who, a time-worn legend says,
Themselves the hallow'd walls did raise,
And a wondrous hammer, still,
Tost, as they toil'd, from hill to hill.
Far away, pale Hindhead frowns
With level ridge of sun-burnt downs;

With pointed summit, steep and high,
Towers fir-cinctur'd Crooksbury.
Gazing there, the mind recals
Waverley's old abbey-walls,
Or sees the oak's rude branches wave
O'er Lud's wild stream, and wizard cave.
Below, like one vast wavy mead,
The wooded plains of Sussex spread.
Is't Fancy's cheat, or can the eye,
Beyond, a gleam of sea descry?
Now I turn, where Hascombe vaunts
Its beechen bowers, and Dryad haunts;
Now, where, on Ewhurst's breezy mound,
Turn the tall windmill's broad vans round,
And the distant tower of Leith
Looks o'er the subject land beneath.
Nearer as the eye returns,
Fresh beauties, raptur'd, it discerns.
Like the green, and sunny ocean,
Waving with a gentle motion,
The billowing barley, o'er the vale,
Varies with the varying gale,
While, in never-ending race,
Light and shade each other chase,
O'er its undulating face.
See, where two hills embracing meet,
And form a dingle at their feet,

Screen'd by elms, and poplars tall,
A cottage rears its humble wall.
With rich variety opprest,
There loves the lingering gaze to rest,
As, when around the world we roam,
Dearer is our simple home.

Now the steep my steps descend,
Now to the grassy dell I wend.
How chang'd the prospect! Naught is seen
Save azure sky, and hill-side green,
Where spreads the flock, whose tinkling bell
Suits the lonely echoes well;
And the valley jocund rings,
While the blithe turf-cutter sings.

The Gipsy, while her infant crew
Stain their lips with hurtles blue,
Or busy stoop, a motley train,
Where the mushrooms dot the plain,
Uptears the dry heath's purple spire,
To feed her mystic, midnight fire.

Now I roam the cavern'd edge
Of the sand-implanted hedge,
Where the rabbits, in their play,
Start across the hollow way.
Now I bid the scene adieu,
Turning, turning still, to view

The last dim distant hills, that peep
O'er the intervening steep.
Oh, ye delicious solitudes,
Of peace the only true abodes,
Still charm my fancy, for to me
Nature is true luxury!
More fair to me yon bells of heath,
Than glowing India's gaudiest wreath;
More sweet the breeze, that sweeps the broom,
Than all Arabia's soft perfume;
More bright the dewdrop, on its stems,
Than rich Golconda's radiant gems.
Then, since Nature, without cost,
Gives all, that wealth herself can boast,
Let me true to Nature prove,
Talk with her, in glade, and grove;
By the babbling brook; and still
Woo her charms on Hydon Hill.

ODE V.

ON RELIGION.

WHERE, Religion, dost thou dwell?
In the anchoret's rocky cell,
Veil'd in cowl, and sable weeds,
Telling out thy hourly beads?
In the convent's gloomy bound,
Where, the listening vaults around,
Echo ne'er did aught repeat,
Save the dull tread of passing feet;
Where eternal Silence reigns,
And the speechless tongue enchains,
Where, like ghosts, the pallid throng
In death-like stillness glide along?
Or lov'st thou more the stately pile,
Where music swells along the aisle,
Where, on high, and solemn nights,
Thy most imposing pomp invites;
When the agitated air
Quivers with countless tapers' flare,

Through which the storied windows dim
Confus'd, in blended colours, swim,
And fretted roof more lofty seems,
Obscurely seen by waving gleams?
Or from these pageants wilt thou steal,
To bless the poor man's stinted meal;
Or crown with glory his white hair,
In the rustic house of prayer?
Or shall the Heaven's bare canopy
Thy nobler oratory be?
  Where the happy shepherd boy
In his solitary joy,
With his quiet flock around,
And his Bible on the ground,
Stretch'd upon the thymy sod,
Lifts his simple thoughts to God,
In the rocky Highland dell,
There, Religion, thou dost dwell.

ODE VI.

THE VERNAL EXTASY.*

I.

Come away! Come away!
Flow'rs are fresh, and fields are gay!
Spring her early charms discovers;
Now the yellow butterfly,
Herself a flying primrose, hovers
O'er the primrose restlessly.
I will show thee where to choose
Violets of unnumber'd hues,
(Glittering fresh with vernal rain)
From the blue of deepest stain,
To those, that spells of frolic sprite
Have bleach'd into unsullied white.
I will show thee where to cull
Wild hyacinths, as beautiful
As he, who gave them their sweet name
With a dearly-purchas'd fame,

---

* The title only is taken from that of an Ode by Schiller.

The youth, Apollo lov'd and slew,
(All, I ween, his favours rue.)
I will lead thee, where the star
Of copses glitters from afar,
The virgin-leaf'd anemone;
Or we to greener banks will flee,
Where the slender harebell pale
Stoops bowing to the gusty gale.

II.

Come away! Come away!
Morning doffs her wimple gray!
And her bashful face discloses,
Freshly bath'd in rainbow dews,
Blushing, like the virgin roses,
That unite the rival hues.
We will climb the hill's steep brow,
And o'ergaze the woods below,
Where the tops of various trees
Sink, fore-shorten'd by degrees,
And o'er the wintry boughs is seen
Spring's first, light powdering of green.
Or, in secret dell, we'll view
The budding hawthorn's tender hue,
Contrasted with the relics sere
Of the sad-departed year.

I mark'd one in the parky glade
'Neath a broad oak's lofty shade,
Rearing high its graceful head,
With tassell'd woodbine garlanded :
It almost seem'd a living thing,
Come forth to greet the breathing Spring.
Haste thee then, for fiery June
Will tarnish all this freshness soon.

III.

Come away ! Come away !
Calmly dies the golden day,
To the dell, and shady fountain,
Though the cheering Sun be set,
Fringing yonder western mountain,
Upward glance his glories yet.
Palely clear, Night's earliest star
Rises o'er the woods afar,
Growing momently more bright
With the slow decay of light,
Ennobling, like a matchless gem,
Meek Twilight's dusky diadem.
Now a soften'd darkness spreads
About the trees' umbrageous heads.
The bat, on free and frolic wing,
Is with Zephyr gamboling.

The blackbird's rich delicious note
From the tangled copse doth float;
On the poplar, as he sings,
The throstle claps his gladsome wings.
Through joyous Nature's wide domain,
Lake, river, forest, mountain, plain,
Fragrance, love, and harmony
Kindle the vernal extasy.

ODE VII.

DRAMATIC.

DESTINY *enters, and sings.*

YE Passions, and ye Powers, who rule
The mind of man with sway severe,
And form it in your stormy school,
You I summon to appear!

The PASSIONS *enter, and sing in Chorus.*

Mistress of events below,
Wherefore hast thou call'd us here?

DESTINY.

That ye might yon babe endow,
Just enter'd this perturbed sphere.

First, approach, and, from this urn,
The number'd lots, in order, take,
Then, each, in his appointed turn,
His magic minstrelsy awake.

And, to guide your measures, learn,
This dark Oracle is given,
" Peace his anxious suit shall spurn,
" Until he seek her gifts from Heaven."

They draw the lots, after which, FEAR, SORROW, *&c. sing together.*

Huzza, huzza, the boy is ours!
He is for the darker Powers!
For, lo, the wildest, and the worst
Must endow the infant first!
Come, tumultuous Spirits, come,
Weave the murky web of doom!
Breathe your mutter'd curses deep
O'er his still unconscious sleep.
Soon he ne'er shall slumber so!
Peace he cannot, shall not, know!

FEAR.

By the knocking of the heart,
By the shivering thrills, that dart,
Thence, along the quivering frame;
By the dread, without a name;
By the busy brain, that pries
Into forbidden mysteries;

By the grave, that yawns below,
Peace he cannot, shall not, know!

SORROW.

By the burning tear, or worse,
By the blasting, tearless curse!
By the sigh, he still must heave,
Yet ne'er his weary breast relieve.
By the keen, convulsive throe,
Peace he cannot, shall not, know!

HOPE.

Did ye mark that I am here,
Life's radiant sun, his soul to cheer?
My arc of promise I will throw,
Bright, o'er the darkest clouds of woe.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

One breath of mine, Enchantress fair,
Shall scatter all thy hues to air.
Thus, the same doom we both bestow,
Peace he cannot, shall not, know!

LOVE.

Never shalt thou find a being
With thy Fancy's dream agreeing,

Yet to love shall ever be
Thy Nature's strong necessity.
Vainly shalt thou strive to cheat
Thy spirit with the fond deceit,
That others can with thee combine,
And love thee with a love like thine.
Still shall thy breast in secret boil,
Thy thoughts upon themselves recoil,
Driv'n back by words, that answer not
To all, thy depth of feeling sought;
Baffled by looks, that ne'er reply
To the full language of thine eye.
And, oh, how quickly shalt thou mark
Affection's scarcely-fading spark!
The slightest gesture, glance, or tone,
Seen, noted, felt, by thee alone,
Shall, to thy quicken'd sense, betray
Love's least perceptible decay;
Yea, ere the alter'd heart confess,
Ev'n to itself, the ardor less.
Then thy jarr'd mind, too clearly view'd,
Shall seem thy temper's sullen mood,
And ever, more, and more, estrange
Those, who began the bitter change.
Yet all the fault still thine shall seem,
Caprice, or Fancy's wayward dream;

Since mark'd their change by thee alone,
By each more casual eye thine own.
These woes I bring; and if, fond boy,
Thou snatch from me a transient joy,
Learn, ev'n my joys in tumult flow,
Peace thou canst not, shalt not, know!

MEMORY.

In the soft guise of pensive Pleasure,
I will creep into his breast,
Meet him in each hour of leisure,
And steal, and steal away his rest.

In some deep cave, with me retir'd,
He shall fold his arms, and sigh,
The future shall not be desir'd,
The present shall not fix his eye.

Fair occasions shall be crost,
While on the past his soul shall muse,
And, as I tell of moments lost,
Many more he still shall lose.

Yet the more I work him ill,
He shall clasp me closer still.

Am I not the subtlest foe?
Peace he cannot, shall not, know!

DISEASE

Health, away, for he is mine!
Ev'n from this hour thy claim resign!
Lo, I give, my birthday boon,
The frame susceptive, which most soon
My skilful fingers can untune.
Spectres, that confess my sway,
See your victim, seize your prey!
Consumption, lay thy wily train,
Fever, fire each throbbing vein!
Horror, on his midnight couch,
Dark, formless hag, in silence crouch.
Banish—yet no, let Sleep attend,
But not as Sorrow's balmy friend.
Let him start, from dreams of ill,
To waking visions, direr still,
With darken'd soul, and glazing eye,
Fix'd intent on vacancy.
When his heart would blithely bound
To scenes of pleasure, smiling round,
I will be a cloud between,
Ev'n when unthought of, dimly seen.

By these tortures, sure though slow,
Peace he cannot, shall not, know!

GUILT.

Thee the Passions, fierce and wild,
Shall guide to my unhallow'd cell,
Where the frantic Pleasures dwell:
By their mad delights beguil'd,
Ending still in bitter woe,
Peace thou canst not, shalt not, know!

REMORSE.

Then will I fix my stings within,
And haunt thee with the thought of sin.
Whither should the guilty flee
From his weight of misery?
When each blithely-warbling bird,
In Childhood's hour as blithely heard,
Quickens the distracting sense
Of departed innocence?
When the Sun, so warm and bright,
Shines upon a mental night;
And his peaceful sister-star
Beams upon the bosom's war?
What his tortures shall allay,
When he would, but cannot, pray?

From the damning past would flee
Into the dark futurity,
Yet from the future turns aghast
Back upon the damning past?
Whither should the guilty flee
From his weight of misery?
Canst thou cleanse the sullied snow?
Peace he cannot, shall not, know!

DESPAIR.

Last of the gorgon train, and worst, I come,
And lay my icy fingers on his heart.
Joy withers at the touch, and Grief grows dumb,
But in her silence points a keener dart.

Loathing to live, yet unprepar'd to die,
Slow shall he sink to apathy profound,
Till, as the last faint hopes of mercy die,
My winding-sheet shall wrap his soul around.

Such peace is mine. Such peace will I bestow;
But other peace he cannot, shall not, know!

They all unite in Chorus.

'Tis done! 'Tis done! The web is spun,
Stampt with our curses, black as night;

O'er its texture, deep, and dun,
What shall fling a gleam of light?
Then wide around the chorus throw,
Peace he cannot, shall not, know.

DESTINY.

Pause; for your triumph is not yet complete.
Ye milder Spirits, wake the warbled string!
Ye, who the weary hours of sorrow cheat,
What more benignant gifts have ye to bring?

JOY.

Though a doom thus dark be thine,
Yet thou shalt not always pine;
I, too, in thy youthful heart
Oft will claim a rapturous part,
And, though few thy pleasures be,
Exalt them all to extasy.
In one moment, thou shalt know
More concentrated delight,
Than others through whole years, that flow
Ever peaceful, ever bright.
And, thy woes to recompense,
Thy pleasures shall be all thine own,
Not the fleeting joys of sense,
Which, when at their height, are flown,

But such as grow from day to day,
And none can give, or take away;
Joys from Nature's self that spring,
Like her, for ever varying.
The sun, the sky, the brook, the breeze,
Shall wake in thee wild sympathies,
And to thy breast more transport bring,
Than kingdoms can afford their king.

FANCY.

How shalt thou start, in pleas'd amaze,
When, by my daring hand unveil'd,
From each ungifted eye conceal'd,
The whole unreal world shall flash upon thy gaze!

When the palace of my art
Its opal gates shall wide expand,
And all, that I can best impart,
Tempt thee to my blissful land!

Melting murmurs, lays Elysian,
Now his nearer steps invite,
And a wondrous world of vision,
Ever moving round in light.
But, as he treads the rich, enchanted ground,
O'erpow'r'd with dazzling glory, bursting sound,

On golden flowers his languid form he throws,
And drinks, in my fond arms, the Lethe of repose.

MUSIC.

I too on my soothing breast
Oft his aching head will lay,
Sweetly soothe his cares to rest,
And sing his woes away.

Oh, how his inmost soul
Shall vibrate to my voice,
Where the deep organ's thunders roll,
And solemnly rejoice.

First,
Faint, and low,
The gradual numbers flow;
Then, stealing, swelling, on the ear,
Rise the successive notes, more loud and clear,
Till all is blissful harmony around,
And the full streams unite in all the pomp of sound.

PAINTING.

I to thy hand my magic pencil give,
At whose warm touch the canvass learns to live.

But chief endow thee with the gifted eye,
Each latent charm of Nature to descry,
And know the combinations, and the power
Of hill, vale, forest, light, shade, sun, and shower.
Whate'er the loom can weave, the chisel trace,
Proportion's loveliness, and Beauty's grace.
Oft shall my visions lighter moments bring,
When long Disease has fetter'd Time's slow wing.

POETRY.

Ye Powers, and varied Passions, ye
Have but prepared the boy for me!
Lo, I claim him for my own,
He is mine, and mine alone!
Nor need I draw new gifts from Heaven,
I only give a voice to all, that ye have given.
As o'er his breast each passion steals,
He shall sing whate'er he feels,
And never pour his griefs in vain,
For, singing, he shall soothe his pain.
He shall slight the world for me,
From its pomps, and pleasures, flee,
For my sake dare to be despis'd,
Nor understood, nor duly priz'd,
But he shall find a world in me,
True wealth, true fame, true dignity,

Not, as for triflers with my power,
The light amusement of an hour,
Now woo'd, now slighted, only sought
To fill some blank of idle thought.
With his being I will blend,
And be companion, mistress, friend.
Ah, thou art waking at my voice!
Ev'n now it bids thy heart rejoice!
And more devoted heart than thine
Ne'er have I consecrated mine.
Now I touch thy lips with fire,
O'er thy cradle hang my lyre,
And draw my witching wand around thee,
Now the potent spell hath bound thee.

DESTINY.

Hark, what celestial music meets mine ear,
Lo, what full glory bursts upon my gaze?
I see, I see, a radiant form appear,
Leading a Seraph, rob'd in milder rays!

Joy from his pinions shakes the soiling dew,
The darker Passions, cowering, shrink away,
While Hope, who mourn'd among the frantic crew,
Looks up, and, smiling, points to realms of day.

I know thee by thy majesty serene,
Religion, brightest of the heavenly throng
I know thee, Peace, by thy sweet dove-like mien,
Daughter of her, who leads thy steps along.

RELIGION.

Poor wayworn Pilgrim of tumultuous years,
Heavily laden, wearily oppress'd,
Come unto me, and I will dry thy tears,
Come unto me, and I will give thee rest!

Can Fear, or Sorrow thrill thy throbbing heart,
God thy delight, Omnipotence thy shield?
Can Disappointment hurl her deadly dart,
When Hope has soar'd to Heaven's immortal field?

Oh, how can Passion, blighted, or betray'd,
Or Friendship's broken vow have power to move,
When all thy bosom, temper'd, and allay'd,
Shall yield to purer, to supremer Love?

Can fierce Remorse o'erwhelm thy prostrate soul,
When Mercy prompts the soft, repentant tear?
Can dull Despair thy sullen breast controul,
When Heaven's glad tidings meet thy ravish'd ear?

From that last foe triumphantly I give
The glorious promise of a blest release;
Then from my hand thy destined bride receive,
Whom Death shall wed to thee for ever—Peace.

Chorus of HOPE, JOY, *&c.*

'Tis done, 'tis done! The web is spun,
Stampt with our blessings, pure and bright,
And all its texture, deep and dun,
Is turn'd to Heaven's serenest light.

Triumph, triumph! Now fulfill'd
The Oracle, that Fate had given!
Peace to his anxious suit shall yield,
For he has sought her gifts from Heaven.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ANASTASIUS TO HIS SLEEPING CHILD.*

Sleep, oh, sleep, my dearest one,
While I watch thy placid slumbers,
And pour, in low and pensive tone,
To lull thee, wild and plaintive numbers.
If my tears thy pillow steep,
Sleep! Thou canst not see me weep!

Thy cheek is pillow'd on mine arm,
As if secure that thee it shielded,
And there a flush more deeply warm
The pressure to its tint hath yielded:
Thy hand, which mine did lately clasp,
Dwells there, relaxing in its grasp.

* See Mr. Hope's novel of Anastasius.

I love to view thy beauteous face,
To cheer me through the day's long toiling;
I love its every change to trace,
Shaded by thought, in pleasure smiling:
Amid the world, with pride I see
All eyes do homage unto thee:

But, oh, this hour is most, most dear,
When, even from the friendly stealing,
I seek my only pleasure here,
And fix on thee my every feeling;
When thou dost seem all, all mine own,
To live, breathe, smile, for me alone.

And, oh, to guard thee thus from ill,
No other joy can rank before it,
When ev'n thy sleep seems conscious still
How true a love is watching o'er it!
Such perfect confidence is shown
In this defenceless hour alone.

Sleep, thou canst not know the love,
Which passes all of outward showing,
Much may my looks, words, actions prove,
But how much more untold is glowing!
And now, in silent loneliness,
It passes all, I most express.

A tender sadness melts my soul,
And Memory, with her train attending,
Seems all her pages to unrol,
While Hope her airy dreams is blending.
My tears are sweet; yet see not thou,
Lest thou mistake their drops for woe.

I think of all I am, the while,
Of guilt's dark hours, and life all blasted,
And thou the only thing to smile
Upon the heart, so wildly wasted:
Oh, who can tell the rush of thought,
With joy, grief, rapture, anguish, fraught!

But, with a thrill of keener pain,
A shuddering dread has now o'ercome me,
That dries those kindly tears again;
Oh, should the future tear thee from me!
Ah me, ah me! I hold thee now!
Shall I ask ever, where art thou?

I cannot call thee back again,
Nor o'er again these joys be living,
And thousand worlds were pledg'd in vain,
To give what now this hour is giving;
But I shall writhe in fruitless woe,
With pangs, which all too well I know.

Yet wherefore thus perversely run
To boded ill from present pleasure ?
I know not why; but lives there one,
Who binds his life in *one* rich treasure,
Whom the wild thought has never crost,
" What should I feel, were this but lost ?"

Hark, his lips move; and gently frame,
In dreamy slumber, words half-broken.
Ah, was not that ? It *is* my name,
Which by those cherub lips is spoken!
I feel a thrill of vivid joy,
To know that I his thoughts employ.

He fear'd, that, ere his eyes could close,
A weary vigil mine should number,
Dear innocent! he little knows
How quickly youth shakes hands with slumber!
Ev'n ere my voice had soften'd, thou
Wert in oblivion, deep as now.

Now gently I withdraw my arm,
Fearful thy quiet sleep of breaking;
Thou giv'st no token of alarm,
And pleas'd I see thee not awaking;
The taper shaded with my hand,
Gazing on thee awhile I stand.

How beautiful in his repose!
The long dark lash the white lid fringing,
The rich hair clustering on his brows,
And the blue vein his forehead tinging.
What childish innocence display'd,
Ev'n in that hand so careless laid!

When to my own near couch I steal,
I'll listen still to hear thee breathing,
'Till, with that lullaby, I feel
Sleep's dewy mantle o'er me wreathing:
How soothing is the sound, how dear,
Which tells me what I love is near!

But first, ere I can calm recline,
In silent prayer I kneel beside thee,
And sue each blessing may be thine,
Long forfeited, or still denied me.
Now one last kiss, with caution given,
And I resign my watch to Heaven.

CHILDHOOD.

I WONDER'D, in my childhood, that men should say to me,
" This is thy season of delight, from care and trouble free,
" And never canst thou know such happiness again;"
It seem'd as if they mock'd my bosom's silent pain.

And often, when my cheeks with bitter tears were wet,
They cried, " Ah happy age, that weeps, and can forget!"
Their words were strange to me: how little did they know
That I could feel a sense of deep, enduring woe!

Yet, as it is, I find they spoke but sooth,
And learn that manhood must be sad, ev'n after saddest youth,
That sorrow has its bliss, which after-years consume,
As ev'n the nightshade, in the blast, may lose its vernal bloom.

Perhaps he mourns thee less, to whom thy mirth, and play
Were as the shining lapse of one long summer-day;
More lovely seem the wreaths, that bloom on ruin'd towers,
And brightest is the blue sky seen, when it severs thunder-showers.

O Memory, on my couch, when the Wind's wild fingers grasp,
With the fury of a fiend, the rattling window-clasp,
Rock'd to thy dreams, reclin'd with sleepless eye,
I talk with thee, at midnight, of the days that are gone by!

And, when the storms of Autumn, in their wildness as they roll,
With passion, thought, and poetry, imbue my inmost soul,
I hear thee in the rustling leaves; I feel thee in the blast,
I see thee in the cloud, thou spirit of the past.

But, oh, if Memory have a voice, it lately spoke to me,
When I heard the old school-clock, that chimes so mournfully!
Each other voice may alter, but Time's doth still remain
Unchang'd and stern, as caring not for human joy or pain.

I thought of the time, when first its sullen tone
Came strange upon mine ear, as I sate, and wept alone;
I thought of the time, when it knock'd against my heart,
As last I heard it, like a friend, from whom I griev'd to part.

How oft it seem'd the knell of school-boy mirth and glee,
How oft it seem'd the tongue of joy, when from toil it set me free!
How bounded my heart, when it bade me seek once more
The elm, I lov'd to climb or the river's happy shore!

And still it had chim'd on in the interval between,
While I was wandering far away thro' many a changing scene,
For others it had chim'd, although for me in vain,
As never, never more it shall sound to me again.

Awake! These thoughts are dreams; arouse thee, O my soul,
And, since the past is past, let the future be thy goal;
And, if this life no more can give what once it gave,
There is a light from heaven, which shines upon the grave.

THE POET'S PASSION.

O THINK not, soul of warlike fire,
That Glory thee alone hath beckon'd,
That thou, whom Honour's dreams inspire,
Most years of future fame hast reckon'd!
There is an ardor fiercer far
Than all thy dreams, or deeds of war.

O think not, thou, who high would'st climb
To greet Dominion's rising sun,
Thy visions are the most sublime,
That ever yet the fancy won!
There is a prouder, loftier hope,
That towers above thy daring scope.

O think not, thou, whose gold is hoarded,
Whose bags with crowded treasure burst,
That Nature has to thee afforded
The spirit's most insatiate thirst!
There is an avarice, far beyond
Ev'n thine, when most intensely fond.

O dream not thou, whose every vein
Is throbbing wild with fever'd love,
Thy mad delight, thy pleasing pain,
Each other transport soars above!
There is a passion, which can thrill
The soul with rapture wilder still.

Warrior, chief, miser, lover, all,
Come, bow your souls before the Bard!
For present recompense ye call,
He for the future's high reward:
Or cold your sculptur'd fame survives,
While his, warm-glowing, breathes, and lives.

To conquer with persuasive arts,
When, soldier, all thy laurels wither,
To build an empire over hearts,
When king, and empire sink together,
To seize on Fame's enduring ore,
When spendthrifts waste the miser's store;

These are the aims, the hopes, the thirst,
Which through the Bard's wild bosom shiver,
In secret born, in silence nurst,
But, oh, more deep than silent river!
And fraught with raptures far above
The hopes, the fears, the bliss of love.

TO THE SETTING SUN.*

Him have we seen, the greenwood side along,
As o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,
Oft, as the woodlark piped his farewell song,
With wistful eyes, pursue the setting sun.
GRAY.

FAREWELL, farewell! to others give
The light, thou tak'st from me;
Farewell, farewell! bid others live
To joy, or misery.

To distant climes my fancy flies,
Where now thy kindling beams
On other woods, and wilds arise,
And shine on other streams.

* The stanza, prefixed to this poem, suggested the succeeding train of ideas. It contains so much true poetry, so much tenderness, and so much beauty, that I am surprised Gray should omit it in the corrected copy of his elegy.

The Indian leaves his hut of reeds,
And bounds along the dew;
Or down the rapid river speeds,
Pois'd in his light canoe.

Perchance, some exile, on the strand,
Awaits thy coming ray,
As thou, from his dear native land,
Some tidings could'st convey.

More welcome still thy blessed light
Gleams on the stranded wreck,
Where mariners, the live-long night,
Cling to the shatter'd deck.

Now may'st thou bid fond lovers part,
Or shine upon their bliss,
Behold a blithe or breaking heart,
The first, or latest kiss.

Haply, thy hated beams renew
The tear, that sleep had dried,
And mourners, sick'ning at their view,
Remember who has died.

Shine on in other worlds; but, oh,
Thou wilt not, canst not, see,
'Mid all the sons of men, below,
One being like to me!

Say, breathes there one, who, at this hour,
Beholds thy glories shine,
And owns thy strangely-thrilling power,
With passion deep as mine?

How soft, how tender a repose
O'er Nature sheds its balm,
Like Sorrow, mellowing, at its close,
To Resignation's calm!

While man's last murmur, hush'd to rest,
Steals gradual from the ear,
As the world's tumult, from a breast,
Where Heav'n alone is dear.

O'er all my soul seems gently shed
A kindred, soften'd light:
I think of hopes, that long have fled,
And scarcely mourn their flight.

Now does thy car descend beneath
The boundary of our skies,
And sheds upon the purpled heath
Its last, and deepest dies.

Behind the tall fir's sable trunk
The half-orb lingers still,
But now its latest curve is sunk
Below the dark-blue hill.

I gaze, as if thou wert not gone,
Or as my gifted eye
Could follow too where thou art flown,
And still thy path descry.

To calmer realms thou seem'st to go,
I would pursue thy flight,
As if nor care, nor pain, nor woe,
Could track thy steps of light.

Once more farewell! Another day,
To all, or dark, or glad,
Fleets with thy vanish'd orb away,
And am I pleas'd, or sad?

I know not. My full soul to speak,
All words their aid deny;
But, oh, the smile is on my cheek,
The tear is in mine eye!

THE WALL-FLOWER.

The rose, and lily blossom fair,
But all unmeet for Sorrow's child;
They deck the bower, and gay parterre,
As if for Mirth alone they smiled.

The cowslip nods upon the lea,
And, where wild wreaths the green lane dress,
The woodbine blooms, but not for me,
For these are haunts of Happiness.

I will not seek the mossy bed,
Where violets court soft, vernal showers,
For Quiet there reclines her head,
And Innocence is gathering flowers.

The Wall-flower only shall be mine;
Its simple faith is dear to me;
To roofless tower, and prostrate shrine,
It clings with patient constancy,

And, prodigal of love, blooms on,
Though all unseen its beauties die,
And, though for desert gales alone,
Breathes fragrance rich as Araby.

Oh, there appears a generous scorn
Of all requital in its choice!
The thousand flowers, that earth adorn,
In earth's exuberant stores rejoice;

It only asks the freshening dew,
Imparting all, where naught is given,
Rais'd above earth, as if it drew
Its only nutriment from Heaven.

O thou, whose love is all to me,
'Tis for thy sake I love the flower!
As truly it resembles thee,
As I the lone, and ruin'd tower.

Thou know'st that, in my desert halls,
The pride of youth, and hope is o'er,
That, sunk, defac'd, my crumbling walls
Repose, or shelter yield no more;

Yet, on this dark, and dreary pile,
Thy Love its fragrant wreaths has hung,
And all it asks is still to smile,
Bloom, fade, and die, where once it clung.

THE LONELY HEART.

Ah, little deems the blind, dull crowd,
When gazing on a tranquil brow,
What thoughts, and feelings unavow'd,
What fiery passions lurk below!

That, while the tongue performs its part,
And custom's trivial phrase will say,
On Fancy's wings the lonely heart
Fleets to some region far away;

Feeds sweetly on some chosen theme,
Holds converse with the dearly-lov'd,
Weaves the light tissue of a dream,
Or wanders, where we once have rov'd.

As the wild winds, from their own lyre,
Draw sounds beyond the touch of Art,
So Nature only can inspire
The music of a lonely heart.

He, in whose silent breast it beats,
From thronging cities, will repair
To Solitude's sequester'd seats,
And woo majestic Nature there.

When rave her billowy gales around,
And shake the tree, and sweep the hill,
He loves their feeling, and their sound,
They suit a spirit, wilder still.

He loves to gaze the starry sky,
Or Ocean's heaving plain to view,
Where no dull barrier checks the eye,
And feels his soul as boundless too.

When, round the moon, each broken cloud
Takes every hue of light, and shade,
Oft tinted like the gleamy shroud,
Which Autumn on the woods has laid;

When, rising, on the distant waves
A long pale line of light she throws,
He wanders by the ocean-caves,
And strange, disorder'd transport knows.

Oft too, at eve, his eye will turn
To alpine clouds amid the west,
Where gorgeous colours richly burn,
By the sun's parting glance imprest.

There, with the spirits of the air,
His spirit travels, pleas'd or griev'd,
Shapes out a thousand visions there,
And weeps at what itself conceiv'd.

To him will music's every tone
Yield bliss, beyond the vulgar joy,
Nor idly please his ear alone,
But all his wakeful soul employ.

Lo, at her spells, before his view
What glorious, airdrawn shapes arise,
What scenes, of more than mortal hue,
Dazzle his soul's delighted eyes !

Oft, as the changeful measures flow,
He frames some wild, accordant tale,
Now soars to joy, now sinks to woe,
As the notes triumph, or bewail.

Say, would he turn from these pure joys,
For all, that Pomp, or Power have known?
To them he leaves gaudes, sceptres, toys,
Content to call his mind his own.

ON

LEAVING A FAVOURITE PLACE OF RESIDENCE.

Farewell, lov'd spot, from whose deep groves, and dells,
My Muse her fairest landscapes has portray'd;
Whence busy Memory to her sacred cells
Her dearest, holiest treasures has convey'd !

No more, when Nature, starting from her sleep
At Spring's glad touch, throws off her snowy shroud,
What time, slow-kindling o'er the fir-crown'd steep,
Morn's line of crimson skirts the dark-blue cloud,

Shall I explore the winding vale, unseen,
Where the young birds first lisp their faltering tune,
To mark the early grove's delicious green,
That fades, like youthful happiness, so soon;

Or peer into each deep, and dark recess,
Where last year's leaves their yellow carpet spread,
And broad-bough'd oaks scarce need their vernal dress
To form a vaulted ceiling over head.

No more shall I beguile the summer heat
Where the green pathway hems the sedgy stream,
O'er which the maple's jealous branches meet,
Shut out the world, and quench the noontide beam.

There, on the marge, with porch-o'ershadow'd door,
Stands a lone cot, amid embowering groves,
With bright green moss, and houseleek mottled o'er,
And all the varied hues, that Painting loves.

Low bend its herbs, and flowerets from the bank,
Nor distant far, on rudely-shapen staves,
A rustic bridge extends its single plank,
And throws its image on the passing waves.

Ev'n the old whetstone, with wild weeds o'erspread,
The ancient fruit-trees, that fantastic throw
Their twining arms above the grass-grown shed,
A rural beauty on the scene bestow.

No more, when Autumn's blustering day is past,
And the rude gales on Evening's bosom die,
When liquid clearness swells th' aërial west,
And trees seem pencil'd on the amber sky,

My pensive way, slow-musing, shall I take
Beneath the willows' arching colonnade,
Tracing the brook, till, widening to a lake,
It sleeps expanded o'er the level glade.

There, from the lonely forge, a column dark,
Oft, streaming, rose upon the tranquil air,
With many a ruddy, momentary spark,
Quench'd like the bright lapse of a glancing star.

The wild-duck, seldom from her haunt allur'd,
Where rose the tree-crown'd island from the wave,
The shallow punt, among the rushes moor'd,
Peculiar wildness to the landscape gave.

At midnight, in my studious cell, no more,
Pleas'd shall I hear the wintry tempest rush,
When wild winds, prison'd in the oak-wood, roar,
Now bellowing howl, now sink with sighing hush:

Or mark the Moon, behind the mountain ash
Arise, then dimly wade through vapours damp,
Like a lone bark, which, where the dull waves dash,
Slow-gliding, lifts its solitary lamp.

Here, could I bound my hopes, forget my fears,
And calmly float along life's silent stream,
Unmindful of the quiet lapse of years,
Books all my world, and Nature all my theme.

But Virtue dwells not, though of peaceful mind,
With dreaming Indolence, or sensual Ease,
She spreads her sail, exulting, to the wind,
And dares the conflict of tempestuous seas.

Then fare thee well, my haven of repose,
A long, perchance a last, farewell to thee!
"The world is all before me, where to choose,"
But thou, alas, art Eden still to me!

THE BLISS OF SLEEP.

——————————περιπλυσσων χερας,
Ονομα καλων σον————εν αγκαλαις
Δοξω————, καιπερ ουκ εχων, εχειν·
Ψυχραν μεν, οιμαι, τερψιν· αλλ' ομως βαρος
Ψυχης απαντλοιην αν.

Euripidis Alcestis.

When Sleep has fetter'd this dull clay,
Ah, sure, releas'd, the spirit flies
Far, from its earthy cell, away,
And snatches all, that day denies!

'Tis then the bounds of time recede,
The past must, then, its spoils restore,
The bars of fate no more impede,
And distance can divide no more.

We see the face, our restless glance,
Unveil'd by slumber, asks in vain;
We press the hand, which we, perchance,
While waking, ne'er shall press again.

The face, the form of one held dear
Day-dreaming Memory may portray,
Or whisper soft in Fancy's ear
The voice of one, far, far away;

But this can ne'er afford relief
To those keen pangs, which absence gives,
The fleeting shadow mocks our grief,
It does not breathe, it never lives;

It only wrings the soul anew,
Convuls'd with ineffectual pain,
To think we may not, cannot view
That face, or hear that voice again:

But, Sleep, thy fond, deceptive art
Can all the warmth of life supply,
To shadow, substance can impart,
To fancy's dreams, reality.

Dawn of the liberty complete,
When from its bonds the soul shall soar,
And, in immortal mansions, meet
Those, whom it loves, to part no more!

LINES.

IN IMITATION OF THE OLD POETS.

In a herber* green, at the break of day,
As stretch'd on a bank of flowers I lay,
Methought the brooks, and gales did say,
In Spring is pleasaunce; in Spring is pleasaunce.

The lamb was frisking along the vale,
The colt was bounding adown the dale;
All seemed to tell the joyous tale,
In Mirth is pleasaunce; in Mirth is pleasaunce.

The merry, merry birds, in airy ring,
Pursued eachone his mate, on wanton wing,
And still it seemed as each did sing,
In Love is pleasaunce; in Love is pleasaunce.

---

* Meadow.

But a lark, upspyring above them all,
As if released from earthes dull thrall,
Appeared aloud from the cloudis to call,
In Heaven is pleasaunce! in Heav'n is pleasaunce!

ANXIETY.

I LOVE thee with a thrilling fear,
For, gazing on thy pensive cheek,
I see Decay too busy there,
Or tremble at the hectic streak.

Thy holy thoughts, and looks reveal
That touching, and unearthy charm,
Where early death hath set its seal,
Almost too gently for alarm.

When gazing on Eve's parting smile,
We scarcely note the ebb of Day,
Nor heed that Night steals on the while,
Till fades the latest tint away:

Or, wandering where the forest weaves
Its fairy bowers, by Autumn drest,
We half forget, that autumn leaves
Fall, when their hues are loveliest.

Oh, look not, lest my tears should start,
So mournfully, so tenderly,
As if the thought were in thy heart,
What I must bear, bereft of thee!

As if thou didst anticipate
My lonely lot, divorc'd from thine,
And sadly didst forebode thy fate,
Not for thy own dear sake, but mine!

THE LAMENT.

Sweet Angel, could'st thou shed a tear in Heaven,
Where grief, and pain are pass'd away,
Ev'n in thy bliss, one tear were surely given
To him, who mourns thee, night and day.

Since thou art gone, the hours in anguish roll,
It breaks my heart to think on thee,
Yet to forget thee were a blank of soul,
Far worse than Sorrow's agony.

On my sad breast my arms I wildly clasp!
Ah why? They cannot fold thee there!
Ev'n in my dreams, thy form eludes my grasp,
Although its semblance mocks despair.

When my last kiss receiv'd thy parting breath,
I did not wring my hands, or weep,
I gaz'd upon thy loveliness in death,
As if I look'd upon thy sleep:

With such deep resignation on my heart
Sank the last accents of thy voice,
So quiet, beautiful, serene, thou wert,
Almost I deem'd I could rejoice;

And I could calmly smile, methought, to know
That one so fragile, and so fair,
No more beneath Life's bitter storms should bow,
No more contend with human care.

Death, death! I could not understand the word!
Alas, I was but stunn'd with pain!
And soon, too soon, reviving feeling stirr'd
The pulse of agony again!

Oh Time, men call thee Sorrow's surest friend!
Alas, they err, who name thee so;
Thou only teachest me to comprehend
The depth, and nature of my woe!

THE CONSOLATION.

"She is not dead, but sleepeth."
St. Luke's Gospel.

SHE is not dead, but sleeps the sleep,
Which ne'er shall wake to grief again,
Oh, how more blest, than we, who weep,
Yet feel that all our tears are vain!
She sleeps to sorrow, sin, and pain
To all Life's heritage of woe,
She wakes to Heaven's immortal reign,
To all the joys, that Angels know.

No more earth's poor, and narrow range
The boundless spirit can confine;
Ah happy! Who would not exchange
Their calmest, softest sleep, for thine?
No dream, that is not all divine,
Can steal upon thy perfect rest;
For thee what blissful visions shine,
While slumbering on thy Saviour's breast!

We will not mourn, that thou wert given
Like the bright rainbow's transient die,
Which shews how fair the hues of Heaven,
Then melts into its native sky;
For still to love thee fervently,
As one, who hath not ceas'd to live,
To hope that we shall meet on high,
Is more than all the world can give.

KINDRED FEELING.

How softly sweet each stealing tone,
Harp of the breeze, thou fling'st around,
When he, to whom thou yield'st alone,
Draws forth thy hidden stores of sound!

But far more sweet the answering chords,
In breasts with kindred music fraught,
When that is breath'd to life, in words,
Which dwelt, till then, in lonely thought:

Some cherish'd feeling, unavow'd,
Which never, yet, we dar'd reveal,
Lest, haply, the insulting crowd
Should mock at what it could not feel.

So well the kindred sounds have stirr'd
The wak'ning heart's responsive tone,
It deems it must before have heard
A melody, so like its own;

And yet we know, that joy so sweet
Did never yet its pulses thrill,
Else till this hour it had not beat
So wearily, so sadly still.

SEPARATION.

Alas, to all, that sojourn here,
Love's watchword is "Farewell!"
Fate claims another parting tear,
Ere dried the last, that fell.
If one be grown supremely dear,
Essential to the heart,
Oh, then a dreaded voice severe
Is muttering, "Ye must part!"

Oft too we doom ourselves to grieve,
For wealth, or glory, rove;
But, say, can wealth, or glory give
Aught, that can equal love?
Life is too short thus to bereave
Existence of its spring,
Or ev'n for one short hour to leave
The breast, to which we cling.

Count o'er the hours, whose happy flight
Is shar'd with those we love,
Like stars amid a stormy night,
Alas, how few they prove!

Yet they concentre all the light,
That cheers our lot below,
And thither turns the weary sight
From this dark world of woe.

And could we live, if we believ'd
The future like the past?
Ah, still we hope, though still deceiv'd,
The hour shall come at last,
When all the visions, Fancy weav'd,
Shall be by Truth imprest,
And they, who long asunder griev'd,
Shall be together blest.

But happiest they, whose gifted eye
Above this world can see,
And those diviner realms descry,
Where partings cannot be.
Who, with one changeless Friend on high,
Life's varied path have trod,
And soar to meet, beyond the sky,
The ransom'd, and their God.

THE TEAR.

THERE is a joy, a lonely tear,
By none beheld, to none reveal'd,
To every feeling heart more dear
Than all, that wealth, or power can yield.

Is others' happiness o'ercast?
It mingles soft with Pity's sigh;
O'er the fond records of the past,
It slowly streams from Memory's eye.

And, when the silent bosom swells
With feelings, that we cannot speak,
By murmuring brooks, in moonlight dells,
Oh, then it trembles on the cheek!

It is the sacred tear, that flows,
Devotion's humble tribute given,
When every passion finds repose,
And every thought is lost in heaven.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

Reflected in the lake, I love
To mark the star of Evening glow,
So tranquil in the heaven above,
So restless on the wave below.

Thus heav'nly Hope is all serene,
But earthly Hope, how bright soe'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false, and fleeting, as 'tis fair.

THE SUMMER SHOWER.

The shower is past. The light breeze shakes
The rain-drops from the tree,
O'er the pink meadow-crocus flit
The butterfly, and bee.

Where the lone river, and the brook
Yon pathway small divides,
Fragrant is many a freshen'd flower,
That decks their rush-grown sides.

And o'er the swelling waters brown,
That eddy, as they flow,
Elm, oak, and ash, their mingling arms
Fantastically throw.

Here, leaning on the rustic stile,
Which tree to tree unites,
Where the rich landscape, view'd between,
The roving eye invites,

I watch the playful insect-race
Disporting o'er the stream,
Where'er they go, glides with them still
A fitful, diamond gleam.

Yon rude stone-steps the cottage-girl
Descends to fill her pail,
And, while her sweetly-simple song
Is wafted on the gale,

While, mingling its low whispers near,
Rustles the quivering leaf,
I muse in pensive happiness,
And sigh; but not in grief.

TO THE SCENTLESS VIOLET.

Deceitful plant, from thee no odours rise,
To scent the mossy bank, or copsewood glade,
Although thy blossoms wear the modest guise
Of her, the sweetest offspring of the shade.

Yet not like her's, still shunning to be seen,
And by their fragrant breath, alone, betray'd,
'Mid scantier leaves of less luxuriant green,
To every gazer are thy flowers display'd.

Thus, Virtue's garb Hypocrisy may wear,
Kneel as she kneels, or give as she has given,
But, ah, no meek retiring worth is there,
No incense of the heart exhales to heaven!

PETITION OF AN OLD OAK.

Oh, let me still uninjur'd stand!
Oh, let the cruel steel forbear
To spoil what Time's relenting hand,
And tempests, spare!

When I am laid in dust, no more
The squirrel here his haunts shall hold,
My boughs his home, my fruits his store
For winter's cold:

Nor frame on high his mossy nest,
Nor lure his little ones to spring
From branch to branch, with milk-white breast,
In graceful ring.

No more, within my leafy cell,
The dove shall murmur to his mate,
Nor here the blackbird's wild note swell,
So sweet of late.

The cattle never shall retreat
Beneath my thick impervious bower,
To shun the noon-day sultry heat,
Or pelting shower.

On my wreath'd roots, no more reclin'd
Shall musing Poet then be found,
To watch my foliage, in the wind,
Chequering the ground.

To mark the sun, at eve and morn,
Tint my dark leaves with glowing red,
And gladly hail them yet unshorn,
All others fled.

No more, beneath my sheltering boughs,
Silver'd by Cynthia's tender beam,
The lover shall repeat his vows
To their dear theme;

Nor, slighted by some breast more chill,
To me his secret pain impart,
Graving the name, more deeply still
Grav'd on his heart.

The shepherd never, here, again
Shall pipe his sweetly-rustic lay,
While round me dance the village train,
Happy, as gay.

Canst thou reflect, while yet I live,
On every good, on every joy,
To man, to Nature's tribes I give,
And yet destroy?

A WISH.

Of all, this fleeting life imparts,
For this, for this, alone, I sigh,
To build myself, in gentle hearts,
A shrine of lasting memory;

Where Love his sacred vows shall pay,
Hourly, throughout long absent years;
And Piety, sweet seraph, lay
Her warmest incense, and her tears.

Bring every costly gem, that shines
In earth's dark caves, or ocean's hall;
Heap all the gold of Indian mines,
One grain of love outweighs it all.

Let others toil, the wreath to claim,
By genius, glory, empire wove;
I do not ask to live with Fame,
In future years, but dwell with Love.

TO MUSIC.

O MUSIC, what I owe to thee,
Thĕy, they alone, can tell,
Who have, in sorrow, prov'd, like me,
Thy soul-commanding spell!

I thank thee for forgotten woes,
Or joy's recover'd gleams,
For lulling Fancy to repose,
Or prompting her sweet dreams.

When thou hast chas'd the clouds of woe,
And the glad smile appears,
Thine be my gratitude; but, oh,
I thank thee most for tears!

HINT FOR A PICTURE.

THOU, whose skill'd hand, to Nature, Fancy, true,
Can body forth each form to mortal view,
Fain would I now thine imitative art
Should mirror one lov'd vision of my heart,

Which, 'mid the treasur'd pictures of the past,
Most palpably on Memory's gaze is cast.
Unfold thy canvass, and thy tints prepare;
But see that modest hues alone be there,
For 'tis a simple scene I wish exprest,
In Winter's dusk, and sober raiment drest,
A road, which, winding through an ample wood,
Is lost amid its deepest solitude;
Fantastic sand-rocks rising on the left,
Rough with rude furze, and worn in many a cleft,
With greener patches, scatter'd o'er the steep,
Of moss, and verdure, cropp'd by straggling sheep;
Such be thy foreground: on that broken height
Concentre all the magic of thy light,
Eve's lingering rays; for there shall intervene
The *human* interest of the lonely scene.
A solitary shepherd boy is there,
Notching a stick, his rural calendar,
Kneeling upon that little knoll of heath,
With his rough outer garment spread beneath;
And, rough as that, his dog beside him lies,
Watching his master with beseeching eyes,
While he, upon his childish labour bent,
With mien so simply earnest, and intent,
Heeds not the heavy step of plodding swain,
Nor the shrill tinkle of the passing wain.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Love is like the shadow, seen
When the sun first lights the skies,
Stretching then o'er all the green,
But dwindling, as each moment flies.

Friendship is the shadow, thrown
When the day its noon has past,
Length'ning, as life's sun goes down,
Ev'n till it has look'd its last.

TO LUCY.

"*There is no music in the hollowness of common praise.*"
SOUTHEY.

More sweet, to thirsting Pilgrim's ear,
The stream, that some green pasture laves,
Than mighty ocean, roaring near,
With all his multitude of waves.

By pensive Eve, by sprightly Morn,
One only star is still preferr'd,
And Night's pale Queen, through ether borne,
Will listen to one only bird.

The drum, the trumpet's loud alarm,
With joy, awhile, the soul may fill;
And yet, when these have ceas'd to charm,
One lonely lute delights us still.

So, while I pour my idle lays,
My soul more genuine sweetness draws
From thy lov'd looks, and words of praise,
Than from a gather'd world's applause.

ABSENCE.

When I could fain recal to these sad eyes
The face, on which they most desire to dwell,
'Tis strange, the perfect vision will not rise,
Though Memory knows each separate trait so well.

Th' unvalued faces of the passing crowd,
Will oft the tir'd reluctant soul pursue,
The vacant mien, the sullen, or the proud,
In painful clearness, meet the mental view.

Thine but in slumbers of the silent night,
When pure intelligence awakes alone,
Flashes fond rapture on the inward sight,
Bright as the lightning, and as swiftly flown.

Ah, why? Because its power is of the mind,
Whose beams too subtly for remembrance dart,
Which, ever-varying, cannot be defin'd,
And mocks the painter's toil, the poet's art.

And thy lov'd voice, so rapturously sweet,
Music in speech, in song, a charm divine,
How oft officious Memory will repeat
Each other voice, but, oh, how seldom thine!

Inimitable thus by mortal skill
Th' Æolian notes swell, soften, sink, and rise,
Thus o'er the opal shift the colours still,
And who can paint the restless, playful dies?

FAITHFUL LOVE.

When Death shall bid this heart be still,
Too dark for joy, too wild for peace,
And give this spirit, worn with ill,
Its long-delay'd, its wish'd release,
O think not that the love shall cease,
Which glow'd throughout this earthly scene,
Which ev'n Despair could not decrease,
Nor make me wish it ne'er had been!

Yes, they may tear thee from me now,
But then thou shalt again be mine;
Mine by each tie, each holiest vow,
Which Faith can breathe, or Love can twine.
As swift as sever'd streams combine,
Their parting barrier roll'd away,
My kindred soul shall blend with thine,
When broken from its bonds of clay.

By day, when danger round thee teems,
I'll warn thee of the peril near,
By night, I'll whisper to thy dreams,
And guard thy slumbers well from fear;

And breathe such music in thine ear,
As soothes the sainted, when they die,
Or, rob'd in radiant light, appear
In visions to thine inward eye.

But should'st thou first, by God's high will,
Be taken from this world of woe,
Oh, doubt not but the shaft must kill,
In piercing thee, thy lover too.
As trees, that cannot meet below,
Will intertwine their boughs above,
On high our plighted souls shall know
The union of immortal love.

TO BERTHA.

If for a moment I forget
Thou art not at my side,
How swells again my vain regret
With full-returning tide!

While with thee, I could scarcely know
Thy kind regard for me,
Thy tender offices of love
Were done so silently;

And so anticipated all,
My scarce-form'd wishes sought,
Thou didst not to my mind recal
That I had wish'd for aught.

Yet ev'n to think of thee bestows
A balm for every care;
In sickness, health; in pain, repose;
Hope, even in despair;

A silent refuge, all my own;
A shrine, where none intrude;
Society, when most alone;
In crowds, my solitude.

When thy dear form meets Memory's eye,
Such thrilling bliss I prove,
I feel as if I could not die,
While musing on thy love.

When others every fault assail,
I, wounded, turn to thee,
Whose partial kindness is the veil,
That hides each fault in me.

Through all the wide, wide world, I sought
A heart, a love, like thine,
And scarcely now can trembling thought
Believe the treasure mine:

And yet 'tis sacred, homefelt bliss,
That cannot pass away,
A calm, yet glowing happiness,
More bright with every day.

Then what is all the world to me?
Can Fame my soul beguile?
I would not lose one smile from thee
To win her brightest smile.

Oh, rather should I deem it sweet,
With thee alone, to stray,
In deepest woods, where human feet
Had never found their way!

There, mark thy love shine brightly still
On life's last ebbing sand,
Gaze on thy face, and, dying, feel
The pressure of thy hand!

TO THE SAME.

Thy gentle spirit so hath wrapt
  My being in its own,
The chain of soul is never snapt,
  Which thou hast round me thrown;
All day its links unbroken keep,
By night, it binds the zone of sleep.

Ev'n when my thoughts perforce have dwelt
  On themes less warmly dear,
Thine inward presence hath been felt,
  As though thou still wert near,
And, by some tender magic, wrought
An underflow of deeper thought.

The busy world, the cares of day
  A smile, a frown may claim;
O'er Ocean's *face* the wild waves play,
  His *depths* are still the same!
The mind may wander, as it will,
The heart is conscious of thee still.

A LOVER'S FANCY.

I would not have thy portrait trac'd,
  Save in my inmost mind,
Where Love's own hand the treasure plac'd,
  And bade it dwell enshrin'd.
Th' exactest portraiture would mar
My thoughts of thee, and be at war
  With all my dearest feelings;
A mortal hand, with all its art,
Could only to the eye impart
  One of thy soul's revealings,
While that deep vision of the mind
Is from thy *every* look combin'd.

And thou hast all, which earthly skill
  Could never yet portray,
A nameless charm, that varies still,
  A soul-enkindled ray.
When Joy hath every glance embu'd,
And gush'd around thee, in a flood,

My heart hath danc'd with gladness:
Yet oft mine eyes have fill'd with tears,
The children of presageful fears,
To look upon thy sadness;
So deep its fountains seem'd to lie
In thoughts of life's sad mystery.

And o'er thine image, in my soul,
Has playful Fancy thrown
A vague, unearthly charm, which stole
Its magic from her own,
With how much more of interest,
Than tint, or feature e'er exprest,
The colouring of a dream;
So fair, that, should I see thee now,
For one strange moment, thou, ev'n thou,
Thy very self, would'st seem
Less dear than thy own vision, shrin'd
Within the temple of my mind.

ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG,

NAMED MAB,

WHICH WAS KILLED BY SWANS.

" Weep, tiny elves, your tears, like dew,
Into the harebell's chalice blue,
And bind your brows with mournful rue,
For Mab is gone!
Ye swans, who wrought her destiny,
Oh, haste, yourselves, to pine, and die,
And warble forth her elegy,
Before your own!"

This pensive lay a poet pour'd,
The while a gentle nymph deplor'd
A favourite, which she more ador'd
Than favourite bird;
Long, long, she mourn'd, and, Fame says, wept,
Till gradual slumber gently crept
O'er her sad couch; and, as she slept,
A voice was heard.

A fluttering Sylph, in visions, said,
" Oh, weep no more ! she is not dead ;
To fairy-land her sprite is fled,
Whence first it came,
By kind Titania lent awhile
To woo the sunshine of your smile,
And momentary cares beguile,
In earthly frame.

What, though no more her form be seen
Disporting on the smooth-shorn green,
Yet still she reigns, an elfin queen,
In fairy-land ;
And, when the sprites their dances braid
O'er moonlight lawn, in twilight glade,
Or trip it by their lov'd cascade,
She leads the band.

What, though no more, when Summer's dye
Burns in the bright, and azure sky,
She chase the crimson butterfly
From flower, to flower,
Yet wings more rich, and forms more fair
Her gauzy chariot gaily bear
Through cloudless realms of purer air,
Where blooms her bower.

And still her viewless sprite shall rove
Round her, she cannot cease to love,
Lurk in the scarf, or slender glove,
Or thread thine hair;
And, Lady, if a lovelier dream
Wave his light wings, in airy stream,
Believe, she prompts the soothing theme,
With guardian care.

When, in the noon of sultry day,
You pant beneath the fervid ray,
If haply then a zephyr play,
She bids it breathe;
Or if, at morn, your wondering eyes
Ope on some bouquet's lovely dies,
Nor know who plann'd the sweet surprise,
She twin'd the wreath."

Then, Lady, cease, oh cease to grieve!
Thy poet's soothing strain believe,
Who loves the careless rhyme to weave,
For those he loves;
Ah happy, when his tuneful art
Bids joy one transient thrill impart,
Or, from the sorrow-stricken heart
One thorn removes!

WATERLOO.

A Poem.

WATERLOO.*

O God, Thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone
Ascribe we all.

SHAKSPEARE.

O THAT to me the deathless song were given,
Thoughts born of light, and words that breathe of Heaven!
Then the glad hope were mine to sing, and soar,
Where never poet dar'd his flight before,
And ev'n to Glory's loftiest realm pursue
Thy matchless theme, immortal Waterloo.
But ah, in vain, still lab'ring unexprest,
Pants the deep feeling in my baffled breast.
A world in arms; a Tyrant hurl'd from high;
An Empire's might; a People's constancy;
All throng in vast succession; each in turn
Melts the full heart, or bids it, raptur'd, burn.

* The order of events forms the plan of the poem. With the exception of one digression to Brussels, it has been scrupulously observed.

Lost in effulgence, where shall Fancy stray?
How from the brightness part each blended ray?
How, when the full-orb'd Moon on Ocean streams,
Paint ev'ry wave, where separate lustre gleams;
Yet all combin'd, upon the dazzled sight,
Effuse one flood of undivided light?
Long, thro' her realms, had Earth with discord burn'd;
To Belgium now her eager glance is turn'd,
Stage of high deeds, where waits each anxious eye
The last wild act of War's dread tragedy.
To-morrow sees Gaul's proud Usurper hurl'd
Low to the dust, or Monarch of the world.
Spirits, to whom the care of man is given,
Ye bend expectant from the gates of Heaven.
'Tis not o'er one pale nation Doubt prevails:
A World, a World is trembling in the scales!

Fierce in his splendour, ere his course be run,
From broken clouds looks out the threat'ning Sun;
Dead silence reigns: heav'n, earth, and air are still,
Save the rye rustling over yon low hill.
Along that ridge what warlike banners glance?
'Tis England rank'd against the might of France.
Gaul's mustering myriads crown th' opposing height,
While dark between them drops the veil of Night.

Short separation! They, at morn, shall meet
With such good morrow as a foe may greet.
Oh, till that hour, what expectation reigns,
Drinks the quick breath, and thrills the fever'd veins!
Dread the fierce onset, dread the stern defence;
But what can match the sickness of suspense?
To act, to suffer, may be nobly great,
But Nature's mightiest effort is to wait.
Hark, 'tis the thunder's groan! Full-rous'd, at length,
Bursts the loud tempest in its gather'd strength.*
Yet Slumber broods o'er many a weary eye,
Such sounds are but the Soldier's lullaby.
Haply, the wakeful Highland Mountaineer
Lists the rude storm, familiar to his ear.
Before his view his native rocks arise,
His cot half lost amid the misty skies;
The cheerful fire of peat; he may not brook
On the fond scene to dwell, with lingering look:
For there are some, (Oh, dearer ev'n than life!)
Who may weep vainly o'er to-morrow's strife.
Far other thoughts the lively Gaul possess,
Flush'd with gay hope, and drunken with success,
Too light to heed the mingling wind, and rain,
Boastful he fights his conquests o'er again,

---

* The night, preceding the engagement, was tempestuous.

And gilds, with Ligny's fame, the darker hour,
When quail'd at Quatre Bras his vaunted pow'r.
And does the mem'ry of that well-fought field
No thrilling pulse to Britain's warriors yield?
Feebly, alas, the joys of triumph swell,
Too dearly bought, where Brunswick, Cameron, fell:
No cheering thoughts the sinking heart elate,
While anxious lips enquire of Prussia's fate,
And comrades whisper, as, with busy care,
Their arms they burnish, or the steed prepare;
From the wet firelock wipe the rusty stain,
Or empty from the tube the streaming rain.
Yet Albion's offspring, firm in joy, or ill,
Ev'n in their sadness, are undaunted still.
Slow move the hours; the tardy Morn still shrouds
Her feeble radiance in a night of clouds.
Dim, through the vapour, and the driving storm,
On either height, stalks many a warlike form.
And who is he, amid the Gallic host,
With that fierce gesture of insulting boast,
Who, as to seize the prey, in fancy won,
Clench'd his rais'd hand? It is Napoleon.*

* It is said, that, on the morning which preceded the last decisive engagement, Napoleon looked towards the English army, and, clenching his hand, exclaimed, "Je les tiens, ces Anglois."

Ha! dost thou hold them in thy savage grasp?
That eager hand, on empty air, may clasp!
Well hast thou laid each deep dissembled plan,
But not remember'd they were laid by Man;
And weigh'd most subtly, in the scale of sense,
Each turn of chance, but not of Providence;
Trac'd from each source, save One, the sure event,
But dost not know that One Omnipotent!
Hark, 'twas the shout of legions shook the sky!
France, and Napoleon! England! Victory!
Like loose clouds, heralding the thunder's might,
Files of light skirmishers prelude the fight;
And, like the solid darkness of the storm,
Deep, silent, slow, the moving columns form.
Now roars the cannon: from its brazen throat,
Billows of smoke, in eddying volumes, float.
On bounds the war-horse; high the standards reel,
Waves the plum'd crest, and gleams the flickering steel
Red, through the lurid air, the bomb aspires,
Then shoots, like falling star, its earthward fires.
Each furious volley tells that thousands die,
And the groan mingles with the victor's cry.

Chief, where embattled Hougoumont ascends,
War turns his might, and all his fury bends.

Seize but that post, and Gallia shall prevail!
Wild with high hope, her eager sons assail.
The grove is won! Oh, hasten, ere too late,
On the fierce foe to close yon guardian gate!
But who shall dare the danger? Who roll back
Its ponderous weight against the mad attack?
Then burst, in all its native lightning, forth
Th' indignant spirit of the hardy North.
See'st thou yon Highland Chief, whose gleaming brand
Has met so oft the foeman, hand to hand?
Forward he springs! exulting shouts proclaim
His arm's strong triumph, and Macdonnel's name.*
Vainly without still chafes the frantic Gaul;
The storm of war turns harmless from the wall.

But fiercest, deadliest, in his swift career,
Spurs his hot steed th' impetuous Cuirassier.
In vain the sword those rivets may assail,
And idly thence rebounds the iron hail.
Destruction, hurtling in the cannon's bray,
Sweeps the thinn'd ranks before their destin'd way:
Onward they dart, beneath the battle-cloud,
Wrapt, like the lightning, in its sulphurous shroud,

* Of the house of Glengarry.

And, swift as lightning, urge their coursers on,
Where Carnage scents her prey o'er Mount St. John.
Can yon small bands, like lonely forts, dispers'd
O'er the wide plain, withstand th' o'erwhelming burst?
It may not be! Yet gaze once more around;
Whose headlong coursers strew th' ensanguin'd ground?
Who sink beneath the musket's steady fires?
'Tis Albion conquers! 'Tis the Gaul expires!
Fix'd as her rocks, not banded worlds could tear
Each moveless phalanx from the serried square.
Their foemen charge; they point the bayonet's rows:
Their comrades fall; their lessen'd files they close,
With stern composure, more tremendous far
Than all the angry turbulence of war.
Swift to their aid, with conquest's thrilling cry,
Sweep o'er the field Britannia's Cavalry.
Like the Simoon they come; the prostrate foe
Grasps, in convulsive death, the plain below.
Where yawns the quarry, with abrupt abyss,*
Headlong they roll, down, down the precipice.
In undistinguishable tumult, bleed
The wounded soldier, and the mangled steed.

---

* A tremendous slaughter took place, in the manner described, where some stone quarries had been opened on the plain.

All sights, and sounds are blended; the wild tone
Of dying horses, and the human groan.
Now the last fire, if 'twere in mercy, pour,
And bid Pain's torture rack the foe no more!

Oh, how contrasted is the vivid scene,
Where not a pause for thought can intervene,
With thee, sad Brussels, to thy fears resign'd,
Where thought grows madness in the o'er-wrought mind!
Less dread the hour, when, rous'd at peep of morn,
From circling arms, Sons, Husbands, Friends were torn;
And they, who staid, again rush'd forth to hear
Once more the voice, most grateful to their ear;
Taught, by the nature of the heart, to dwell
So long, so fondly, on that word, "farewell!"
And wish it still repeated o'er, and o'er,
As if it had not reach'd the soul before.
But now the breast, with fiercer, deadlier throe,
Pants in the crisis of its joy, or woe:
Links all it sees, with all it wildly feels,
Deems every sound some oracle reveals,
And strains each fever'd nerve, till all things seem
The dark phantasma of a hideous dream.
Time seems to stagnate o'er th' unvaried day
In one broad blank of terror, and dismay.

Unheeded now the sabbath's solemn rites,*
Its toil suspended, and its calm delights.
Ah, who can now the bells' sweet summons hail?
Heard ye not deeper sounds upon the gale,
The cannon's ceaseless roar, which Fancy's ear,
As the breeze freshens, ever deems more near?
Yet haply, to some small, retiring fane,
The holy pastor draws his simple train:
He speaks of Him, who all things can perform,
And reins the battle, as he guides the storm.
Amid the turbulence, that raves around,
The hurrying crowd, the battles swelling sound,
This seems the last retreat, where Peace hath fled,
Trembling, to hide her meek, unshelter'd head;
A Heaven in Hell, a star of lovely light,
That brightest shines through severing clouds of night;
Æolian notes, that still most sweetly cast
Their melting music on the rudest blast.

But, oh, for thee, brave Warrior, who, afar
From thine own isle, dost bear the brunt of war,
Wild are this sabbath's rites; the cannons' roar,
For bells' glad music on thy native shore;

---

* The battle of Waterloo was fought on a Sunday.

For the sweet hymn, the onset's maddening cry,
Shrieks of the wounded, groans of those, who die;
The foe's stern greeting, for the peaceful train,
Who only meet, to seek the sacred fane;
No prayer, save that, in hurried silence, given,
Which but commends the parting soul to Heaven.
No rest; ah, yes! a rest, which nought shall break,
Till the pale sleepers of the tomb awake.

Now swells the fight, commingled; not, as erst,
Fix'd to one point, but in one general burst.
And darkest there, in dreadful might serene,
Frowning like Death, are Brunswick's warriors seen;
Whose dauntless bands, in memory of their chief,
Bear the sad hue of undissembling grief;
Yet seems it now no soft regret to shew,
But black revenge, and hate more stern than woe.
Where La Haye Sainte extends her shatter'd walls,
Faithful in death, the Hanoverian falls.
Still rolls the dread artillery along,
Pours its loud peal, and thins th' embattled throng.
Still Gallia chafes, still Albion scorns to yield,
And falling numbers darken all the field.

Ye, whose firm front all Gallia's shock endures,
Oh, when was bravery unmix'd as yours?

No bigot creed your lofty zeal supplies,
For you no Houries beckon from the skies;
For you no streams of bright Metheglin roll;
The Patriot's ardor prompts the glowing soul,
Whose miracles, when action dies to rest,
Find scarcely credence in the wondering breast.
Nor yours gay Valour's momentary glance,
Which fades, or flashes, in the sons of France,
Like bubbles, lost in air, which form'd them first,
Their rainbow colours brightest, ere they burst:
Theirs, in wild onset, kindles as it goes,
Yours in resistance, keen-concentred, glows:
They seek, through all this waste of human blood,
Their country's glory; ye, your country's good.

See, see! what blaze shoots upwards from the vale?
What dark smoke soars, where war-clouds cannot sail?
What deaf'ning thunder, what terrific jar
With louder horror swells the voice of war?
'Tis the wide ravage of th' infernal shell!
Alas! on Britain's bravest band it fell;
Where Hougoumont's beleaguer'd walls aspire,
Moated with blood, and canopied with fire.
But dare not look within! oh, close the ear
Against those shrieks, 'twere agony to hear!

There, fatally enclos'd, the wounded lie;
None, none may succour, and they cannot fly!
Oh, who can tell the horrors of that hour,
When Death seem'd dallying with his savage power;
When the poor victim must perforce await,
Not, with high ardour, meet, and dare his fate?
Hark, to that rattling, grating, shiv'ring crash!
Down the roof rushes; down the rafters dash.
A moment's darkness, and the flame again
Starts, like a strengthen'd giant, from the plain:
Now unrelenting pours its blasting breath
Fierce on its human prey; and all is death!
Not such thy fate, brave hero of the band,
Which those proud walls unconquerably mann'd,
Craufurd,* thy valour, in its youthful glow,
Led the bold sally full upon the foe.
While Memory lives, in silent woe, shall bend,
O'er thy lov'd dust, the parent, brother, friend.
For thee the Muse a fadeless wreath would twine,
And wed the name of Hougoumont to thine.

---

* Thomas, son of Sir James Craufurd, Lieutenant in the Third Guards. The command of the detachment at Hougoumont had devolved upon him, in consequence of two superior officers being killed. If it be objected, that I have singled out *one*, where *all* were brave, let private feeling plead my excuse.

Where is Britannia's chief? Go, range where'er
Threatens worst peril; thou shalt find him there.
He is the soul of War. His words inspire,
His dauntless looks, the keen electric fire.
Nor more obey'd than lov'd; and, oh, how well
Let dying Gordon, and Delancey tell!
How far more true their warm affection's zeal,
Than all that Gallia for her Chief can feel!
Tho' wild devotion in her sons is seen,
'Tis love of self behind that nobler screen.
Their idol, Glory, they in him adore,
Success has crown'd him, and they ask no more.
And thou, Napoleon, who, on yonder height,
From morn 'till eve, hast watch'd the dubious fight,
From those of Albion's chief how different far
Thine hope of conquest, and thine art of War!
Not thine, like him, where danger frowns, to lead,
But wave thy legions, where they die, or bleed;
Thou can'st not weep, with him, above the slain, *
Thou only mournest thine have fall'n in vain.

---

* The Duke of Wellington is said to have shed tears, on surveying the field after the battle.

Oh, could I read thy bosom, and declare
The wilder fray, that boils, and rages there;
How, from hot hope, through ev'ry change, it past,
Fear, rage, hate, terror, to despair at last!
Go then! the fool of passion, as of fame,
Play the last stake of Fortune's desp'rate game!
Cheer to the field thine own imperial band,
Who wait the waving of thy haughty hand,
To pour their souls, in that unequall'd strife,
For him, who recks but of one coward life!
Brave self-devotion; such as Romans knew!
A nobler cause had made it virtue too.
'Tis done! Wild clamours rend th' etherial vault,
Herald their way, and cheer the last assault.
Now for your England, warriors, now combine,
Quit the deep phalanx, form the length'ning line!
Now is war's crisis! Daringly exchange
Firmness for fire, resistance for revenge!
See how the sun illumes the western sky, *
As if to light your troops to victory.

---

* A tempestuous night, and wet morning were succeeded by a fine day.

Reflected lustre from the bayonet streams,
And crested helms give back the level beams.
A breathless pause succeeds; 'tis silence all,
Save the dull tramp of the advancing Gaul.
Now bursts the volley from the British files,
At once th' imperial column back recoils.
The clearing smoke their hurrying rout reveals,
All France gives way; a throne, an empire reels.
Strong as from peace, and fresh as from repose,
Now Albion rushes on her yielding foes!
Pikes, glittering eagles, banners, helmets, men,
Roll down the slope, and mingle on the plain:
In fierce pursuit, the floundering horses tread
Over a ghastly pavement of the dead,
Stung to more wildness, by the piercing cry
Of some poor trampled wretch's agony.
Lost, blended, broken, Gallia's legions flee!
England is victor, and the world is free!

Oh yet exult not, as ye swift recede,
That the tir'd Briton checks his panting steed!
Fresh, and unbreath'd, impetuous as the wave,
Greedy as wolves, relentless as the grave,
The Prussian comes, his sword in blood unsteep'd,
To gather in the harvest, England reap'd,

Hope not for mercy! Did ye mercy shew,
When pale Silesia saw her conquering foe?
Remember Ligny, where the flag of Death
Wav'd its black menace o'er the host beneath.*
The Briton, bulwark'd by his rocky strand,
Ne'er saw thee blight the gardens of his land.
No injur'd wife, no murder'd offspring call
His soul to vengeance on the cruel Gaul:
But there are wrongs, too deep to be redrest,
That fret, and rankle in the Prussian's breast.
The cup of vengeance holds its mantling draught
Close to his lips; and deep shall it be quaff'd!

But darkness yet that madd'ning flight may shroud:
Oh, for a night of tempest, gloom, and cloud!
Uprose the Moon, unclouded, broad, and bright,
In all the beauty of a summer's night.
Heedless of men, alike she seems to move
O'er fields of carnage, or the peaceful grove,
The dread pursuit of foes, or harmless scenes of love.
Onward they rush, 'till the reflected beam
Quivers on Sambre's gently-gliding stream.

---

* At the battle of Ligny, the French hoisted the black flag, which signified that no quarter would be given.

Ah, gentle now no more! The broken wave
Flashes above the soldier's wat'ry grave.
The stifled groan, the frequent plunge declare
That foemen slay, and warriors perish there.

But turn your eyes, where spreads the tranquil light
O'er the wide plain, where rag'd the desperate fight,
Death's banquet-room, where wildly mingled lie
The wrecks of his tremendous revelry.
The pale ray gleams on many a paler cheek,
Distain'd alone by slaughter's crimson streak;
And oft the glist'ning radiance, mildly wan,
Falls on a face too beautiful for man;
'Tis Gallia's maid, who, by her warrior's side,
In danger triumph'd, and devoted died. *
Contrasted lies, with features sternly set,
Each ghastlier corse, which seems to menace yet:
And here, and there, about the horrid plain,
The wounded, stumbling o'er the heaps of slain,
Glare on each other with impatient eyes,
And look the vengeance, their weak arm denies.

---

* Among the slain, were found the bodies of some French girls, who had followed their lovers to battle.——*See Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk.*

There hover too the Harpies of the strife,
Whose poignard drinks the last of ebbing life.
Greedy as Death, with Death the spoil they share,
Fiercely away the warrior's arms they tear,
Cuirass, and spear, whose shine is dimm'd in blood,
Helmet, and plume, all trampled deep in mud,
Deaf to th' imploring groans, that feebly burst
From the poor victims of insatiate thirst.

Oh, what a change one fleeting day has wrought,
Too wild for fancy, and too swift for thought!
How different now the solemn calm, that reigns,
From that, which lull'd, last eve, th' expectant plains!
Then apprehension thrill'd, or hope beat high,
Now all is hush'd in silent certainty.
And where is he, whose madly-daring hand
Heap'd the dread pile, then toss'd the kindling brand?
He, far away, pursues his hurried flight,
Invoking all the deepest shades of night.
O greatly-fall'n, and could'st thou bear to fly,
Outcast from fame, no less than victory;
Fall'n, like the avalanche, all powerless laid,
That melts amid the wrecks itself had made?
Did'st thou not seem the Prussian's shriek to hear,
And groans from Jaffa murmur'd in thine ear?

Frowning in Angel's wrath, see Wright succeed,
And murder'd D'Enghien asks, " Who bade me bleed ?"
Farewell ! If Conscience have not lost her power,
Her frowns will darken the avenging hour.
Yes ; all is o'er ! Dominion, glory, fame,
Shrink in Napoleon to an empty name ;
Brief as the aloe, whose imperial flower
Blooms in an age, but withers in an hour.
Yes ; all is o'er ! Peace flourishes anew
Like thy own field, victorious Waterloo !
Where, for the ghastly corses of the slain,
Fair Plenty piles her sheaves of golden grain ;
Or verdure freshly springs, and flowerets wave,
In vernal beauty, o'er the warrior's grave.
Proud theatre of Freedom ! Blest domain,
Where injur'd Justice dar'd assert her reign,
Still shalt thou live, still boast the Despot's fall,
Rank'd with high names, yet loftier than them all :
Hail'd in each clime, by unborn ages sung,
Whose fate on thee, in wavering balance, hung.
While oak, or olive binds each nation's brow,
And mourning Brunswick wreathes the cypress bough,
While France, yet trembling from Destruction's flood,
Wears her pale Lily, stain'd with filial blood,
To Albion the triumphant Laurel yield,
Reap'd with her sword on thy unrivall'd field !

High Arbitress of nations, Ocean's Queen,
In might majestic, in success serene,
Where, calm in joy, her smiling front she rears,
Yet fondly weeps with all a Mother's tears,
Gaze on the regal crown, that gems her brows,
Where 'mid the brightness, brighter lustre glows,
That dazzling glory, that diviner hue
Darts from thy name, immortal Waterloo !

SONGS.

SONGS.

I.

Oh, ever, as blithe Spring returns,
With all her breezes, dews, and flowers,
Bright in my heart the memory burns
Of early love's delicious hours!

For 'twas, when smiling Spring effac'd
Each lingering mark of Winter's sway,
Oh love, thy brighter sunshine chas'd
The winter of my soul away!

Hours of enchantment, ye depart
With all your thrilling hopes, and fears;
A dreary calm pervades my heart,
Too sad for smiles, too cold for tears.

Oh, give me back the pulse, that glows,
The smiles of hope, the tears of bliss;
That golden time, whose very woes
Were sweeter than the joys of this!

II.

One after one, the joys of youth
Had died away,
And visions of unfading truth,
As false as they;

Then came a dark, and dreary chill,
More sad than grief;
The very *pang*, that bade me feel,
Had seem'd relief.

I saw thee smile; the icy chain
Began to melt;
I heard thee speak; and once again
I liv'd, I felt!

Thy gentle care once more for me
Hope's garland wove;
And all my soul's dark apathy,
Touch'd by thy love,

Grew rapture; as the languid mist
Of sullen hue,
By Morning's summer radiance kist,
Melts in bright dew.

And thou hast given me light, and life,
Fond hopes, sweet fears;
The varying Passions' pleasing strife,
And smiles, and tears.

III.

THERE is an hour, of all, that rise
Upon my path, the brightest, best;
Which shines, itself a paradise,
And casts a light on all the rest.

It bids mine eyes in hope unclose,
When first the morning light they see;
At eve, it lulls me to repose,
With its delicious memory.

And oft, in more than thought, it seems
Renew'd amid the hush of night,
The half-reality of dreams
Redoubling all its dear delight.

Oh, Bertha, 'tis the rapturous hour,
When sinks the sun upon the lea,
And glimmering star, and closing flower
Have call'd me forth to meet with thee!

It is the hour, when free we rove
Along the hill's romantic swell,
Beside the sheltering hazel grove,
Where sings the evening thrush so well.

And gazing, o'er the varied plain,
On the fair earth, and kindling skies,
Call back the wandering glance again,
To look into each others' eyes.

IV.

As, through the long, and tedious day,
My varying spirits ebb, or flow,
Beneath their wild alternate sway,
The thought of thee wakes joy, or woe.

Now Absence lengthens hours to years,
Hope, light, and life, seem fled with thee;
And now to be belov'd appears,
Alone, sufficient extasy.

Now, pale with sickness, dimm'd with grief,
Thy form distracts my vision'd sight;
Now sweetly it imparts relief,
In all its youthful radiance bright.

Oft too, in sleep, thine image seems
To smile upon me, kind as thou;
Then, (oh, 'tis only in my dreams!)
It frowns with cold, and alter'd brow.

But think not, with the pulses' play,
The heart can vary; it may rove
Through changeful moods, from grave to gay,
But, oh, it cannot cease to love!

V.

My heart was once a garden fair
As ever courted Spring's glad showers,
And many a bud, unfolding there,
Gave promise of a world of flowers.

Beneath the Summer's vivid blaze
Those flowers their brightest hues display'd;
But, ah, the same too-ardent rays,
Which bade them open, bade them fade!

Yet many a graceful tint, and soft,
Mark'd their autumnal slow decline;
And Memory, from their relics, oft
A melancholy wreath would twine.

Now, o'er those scenes of past delight,
If aught of radiance seem to glow,
'Tis but the snow, which, coldly bright,
Conceals the wintry waste below.

VI.

Farewell! Farewell! I will not waste
Another thought on thee!
Thy very name shall be eras'd
From loathing Memory!
I only blush my heart has been
The dwelling-place of one so mean!

Love's fetters may again be worn,
If Anger break the chain;
But, sever'd by Contempt, or Scorn,
They ne'er unite again.
My soul, whatever pangs it prove,
Despises thee too much to love.

The fickle fool at will may range,
From note, and censure free;
But, when a heart like thine can change,
It sinks to infamy.
The sailor, should the magnet stray,
Would hurl the worthless steel away.

VII.

If to know thy fond affection
Constant as the light of day;
If to chase from recollection
Every jealous fear away;

If to prize thy love more dearly
Than the wealth of India's shore,
Be to trust thee most sincerely,
Then I ne'er shall doubt thee more.

If to love thee more than ever,
If to weep, when none can see,
O'er the faults, that bade us sever,
Can atone my wrongs to thee;

If, oh, if thou canst believe me,
Who so oft have sworn in vain;
Then at once thou may'st receive me
To thy heart of hearts again!

VIII.

HUNTING SONG;

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Soon as day is breaking,
Hunter, greet the morn!
Alpine echoes waking
With thy jocund horn.

Swift the deer is flying
Hill, and vale across;
Soon his blood, in dying,
Stains the mountain moss.

High the Vulture's pinion
Hovers o'er his prey;
King of air's dominion,
Thou must fall to-day!

All thine eye, exploring
Earth's wide realms, can see,
All in air that's soaring,
Hunter, is for thee!

IX.

I DREAM'D that thou of endless love
Did'st give me many a cherish'd token;
But, when I seem'd most bliss to prove,
My sleep, my heart, at once were broken.

Alas, if thou had'st lov'd me still,
I could have borne all meaner sorrows,
But Fate, to make them surely kill,
With thy unkindness points her arrows.

X.

THE fever of the world has dried
The dew, our last sweet meeting shed,
And all the flowers, that love supplied
So freshly then, are soil'd and dead:

My heart is pining to be fed
With thy dear looks; Oh, haste thee then!
And all, that now is lost, and fled,
Thy presence shall restore again.

Yet not by words my heart will speak,
When loosen'd from its long restraint;
The eloquence of eye, and cheek,
Alone, will my emotions paint:
Each rapturous hope, each fond complaint
Will brighten there, or softly melt:
Beside the one we love, how faint
Is all that's *said* to all that's *felt!*

XI.

Oh, marvel not that I should weep,
When all around so blest appears;
So full the cup of Joy is fill'd,
It cannot but run o'er in tears.

Oh, ask not, when I gaze on thee,
Why tears are trembling in mine eye,
'Tis colder love alone can smile,
But mine must either weep, or die.

XII.

When o'er my brow steals Sorrow's deepening shroud,
Oh, bid me not the fatal cause reveal!
Not for the wealth of worlds would I o'ercloud
Thy young, clear spirit, with the pangs I feel.

It is not meet thine early years should share
The painful knowledge, Time must render thine;
Yet Heaven avert, that even Time should e'er
Instruct thy breast as fatally as mine!

No! Be thou still the *light* of this sad soul,
Whose *life*, in joy or grief, thou still must be;
Then, ev'n if Woe my destiny controul,
I yet may smile, I yet may hope, in thee.

Not all forlorn the wither'd tree is seen,
O'er which the ivy has its mantle thrown;
And many an eye mistakes the clustering green,
That veils the leafless branches, for its own.

Oh, if thy light of gladness should depart,
If Hope should cease in those dear eyes to shine,
How could I live? This much-enduring heart
Bears its own sorrows; but must break with thine.

XIII.

THERE were two hearts, that ask'd
  More than the world could give,
And each in silence mask'd
  What in its depths did live.

They met; and Sorrow fled;
  The chilling spell was broken;
And each the other read,
  Before a word was spoken.

They spoke; and every word
  Thrill'd rapture, as it fell;
A language each had heard,
  Yet where they could not tell.

They blended; Death came soon,
  But, oh, he could not sever
Hearts thus twin'd in one;
  So made them one for ever!

XIV.

Amid the west, the light decaying,
Like joy, looks loveliest ere it dies;
On ocean's breast the small waves playing
Catch the last lustre, as they rise.

Scarce the blue curling tide displaces
One pebble, in its gentle ebb;
Scarce on the smooth sand leaves its traces,
In meshes, fine as fairy's web.

From many a stone, the sea-weed, streaming,
Now floats, now falls, the waves between,
Its yellow berries brighter seeming
Amid the wreaths of dusky green.

This is the hour the lov'd are dearest,
This is the hour the sever'd meet;
The dead, the distant now are nearest,
And joy is soft, and sorrow sweet

XV.

SONG OF A MAD GIRL

Come, I will take fresh posies,
To bind about my brow;
But I will take no roses,
For they too brightly glow;

And the nightingale is bringing
To the rose his constant lay;
But my false love is singing
To one, that's far away.

None, none shall see me tearing
One branch from the olive-tree,
For Peace, that chaplet wearing,
Has made it unmeet for me:

The heart's-ease I'll not sever
From the stem whereon it grew;
For with that, which is lost for ever,
Oh, what have I to do?

Far hence be the ivy carried,
That clasps about the pine,
Because the ivy's married,
And a lonely lot is mine;

Nor, 'mid the chosen number,
May the scarlet poppy blow,
For the poppy causeth slumber,
And mine is sleepless woe.

But I will take the willow,
A mourner, like to me,
With leaves all sear and yellow,
My faded wreath to be;

The yew, to mark my sadness,
With cypress I'll entwine;
The rush, the toy of madness,
Oh, must it not be mine?

XVI.

THE COMPLAINT OF A GIRL FORSAKEN BY HER LOVER.

The only mourner o'er my tomb
Will be the cypress, or the yew,
The only tears, that there shall fall,
Will be the drops of Nature's dew;

And thou, who once could'st love, but now
Art dead, ah, worse than dead, to me!
One hour shall from thy thoughts efface
That I have been, or ceas'd to be.

These eyes meet thine, but read no more
The answer, they were wont to give,
And time has shewn them skill'd to wound,
As once too practis'd to deceive.

Ah, if my death could wring one tear
From that chang'd heart and alter'd eye,
How gladly could I lay me down,
And die, and think it bliss to die!

But no! Love's once-extinguish'd fires
Can ne'er their former warmth regain;
As embers mouldering into dust,
Can never, never burn again.

XVII.

I KNOW thee, now, yet cannot tear
Thine image from my breast;
In virtue's spite, it lingers there,
A fear'd, yet cherish'd guest.

So, the poor moth can ne'er retire,
Which once the taper burns;
He thought it light, and found it fire,
Yet, ev'n in death, returns.

XVIII.

SONG OF THE SEA-NYMPHS.

Far from the realms of air,
In the coral groves we dwell,
And our gardens are deck'd with the sea-weed rare,
And our home is the pearly shell.

When the moon is softly bright,
The rippling tide we stem,
And 'tis we, who draw the line of light
Round the horizon's hem.

In the wake of the glancing boat,
We sport, where the wave is riven,
Round the foam of the oar in brightness float,
Like stars, o'er the ocean's heaven.

When the storm is raging loud,
And down sinks the bark in the wave,
Of sea-weed we weave the sailor's shroud,
And dig deep his sandy grave:

Or, to warn him, ere the shock
  Stifle his dying groan,
We kindle a flame, on the cold barren rock,
  Where earthly flame never shone.

When bright is the western blaze,
  Where Phœbus his goal has won,
We wed the waves to his golden rays,
  The bridal of sea and sun.

Mortal, our life is sweet;
  Would'st thou be blest, as we,
From the turmoil, and stir of the world retreat,
  And dwell by the lonely sea!

XIX.

THE FISHERMAN'S RETURN.

Far, far away o'er the western sea,
  Where that long line of light looks pale,
My child, thy father's bark I see,
  Oh, swiftly may she sail!

I know her by the streamer red,
That flutters from the mast,
Which still he promis'd me to spread,
Returning home at last.

But, look, the winds, the waves arise,
And the streak of light is gone,
And wild, o'er the darkly-alter'd skies,
The clouds drive thickly on.

I see, I see the lightnings gleam!
I pant, I die with fear!
Oh, is it not? It *is* a scream,
That strikes upon mine ear!

Oh, save him! Save him! He is sav'd!
Wet with the salt sea tide,
The raging billows he has brav'd,
And now is at her side.

How sweet is rapture after fear!
"Welcome, welcome, thou,
My bosom's dearest; but how dear
I never knew 'till now!"

XX.

WRITTEN TO SUIT A WILD GERMAN AIR.

When wild winds are swelling
Around my lone dwelling,
Like spirits, that talk to the dull ear of Night;
When the Moon, through her clouds, sheds a dim, sickly light,
And the trav'ller, bewilder'd, hears, wild with affright,
The fiend of the tempest loud yelling;

Oh, then, slowly stealing,
Their forms half-concealing,
Through the gloom airy shadows of past days come nigh,
And, Memory, thy voice seems to speak in each sigh
Of the deep-sobbing blast, that moans fitfully by,
Sad tales of past sorrow revealing.

My lone watch thus keeping,
While mortals are steeping,
In the soft dews of slumber, each care of the mind,
How oft at thy side, lonely mourner, reclin'd,
In silence I grieve, to thy visions resign'd,
O'er the grave of past happiness weeping.

XXI.

Night, thy lone shades I once abhorr'd,
Because they tore the maid away,
Lovely as light, as life ador'd,
And still I sigh'd for lingering day.

Sleep, thou, ev'n thou, could'st not disarm
Absence of pain, by dreams of thine;
How could thy vain illusions charm,
When dear reality was mine?

Now, welcome, Night, for she is gone,
Who made the day so gladly fly,
That I beneath thy star, alone,
May muse upon her memory.

And welcome to my pillow, Sleep,
Now, kindliest soother of my woe,
In bliss, my vision'd senses steep,
Which, ah, they cannot, waking, know!

XXII.

Those tears, those tears will rise to view,
Which, at our parting, thou didst shed,
And vividly the thought renew
Of days departed, pleasures fled.

Oh, there is somewhat in the tear
Of one we love, that thrills each vein,
Beyond ev'n sorrow, hope, or fear,
With strange, yet sadly-pleasing, pain!

'Tis sweet, because we feel, in grief,
More closely drawn to those we love,
And, softly whispering fond relief,
More melting tenderness we prove.

And yet we cannot bear to see
That face, whose smiles were wont to glow,
Our sunshine, and our extasy,
Wear ev'n the transient garb of woe.

We hasten, from the moisten'd cheek,
To kiss away the falling tear,
And, yet, if love the truth should speak,
Oh, would we it had not been there?

XXIII.

THERE was a time, when all things smil'd
Beneath gay youth's enchanted reign;
And barren heath, and wintry wild
Seem'd cheerful, as the vernal plain.

But, now, when peace, and hope are fled,
And youthful innocence beguil'd,
The vocal grove, the flowery mead
Seem cheerless as the wintry wild.

XXIV.

NAY, do not wake the lyre again!
For to a heart, unstrung as mine,
The softest, sweetest notes, in vain,
Their witching melody combine.

The pulse of Joy, to lively tones,
In careless extasy, may bound,
While Mirth the kindred measure owns,
And trips the gay, fantastic round.

To tender numbers Love may melt,
To lofty strains may Courage fire;
And, oh, how oft has Sorrow dwelt,
Enamour'd, on the pensive lyre!

To all, save me, thy skill divine
Some touch responsive may afford,
But to a heart, unstrung as mine,
All music owns no answering chord.

XXV.

CONSTANCY.

Let love burn with fiercest flame,
If to more than one it fly,
'Tis not worthy of the name:
The crown of love is constancy!

Let love still adore the same,
If it fade with cheek, or eye,
'Tis not worthy of the name:
The crown of love is constancy!

Let it be love, no force can tame,
If, absent, it burn less than nigh,
'Tis not worthy of the name:
The crown of love is constancy!

Give me the love, whose faithful aim
Can absence, change, and time, defy;
This is worthy of the name:
This is crown'd with constancy!

XXVI.

Swift, to climes of brighter day,
Where the warmer breezes play,
Fly with me, fly with me!
Where the dark-brow'd Alps, impending,
Frowns with Nature's smiles are blending,
Fly with me, fly with me!

We will scale their beetling brows,
We will brush their printless snows,
Merrily, merrily;
Then, to gentler vales descending,
Roam, by brook, or forest wending,
Peacefully, peacefully!

Tir'd of all, I see around,
Oh, to break each hated bond,
Rapidly, rapidly!
From foes, false friends, and tumult, flying,
With thee alone I'd live; and, dying,
Smile on thee, smile on thee!

XXVII.

Hie we to the forest bower,
Freshly shines the morning beam,
Gilds the mountain, tips the tower,
Trembles on the restless stream.

Lightly falls a wandering ray
On the tender beech-leaves; mark
How their wanton shadows play
O'er the silvery, sunny bark!

Listening for the hunters' cry,
Ere he leap the babbling brook,
See the stag, with anxious eye,
Timidly around him look.

High above the deep defiles
Graceful waves the feather'd fern;
Nature's beauties, Nature's smiles
Greet us, wheresoe'er we turn.

While we loiter, while we stray,
Through the forest's long arcade,
Hearkening to the woodlark's lay,
Gathering flowers, that love the shade,

Health breathes fresh in every gale,
In each sunbeam Joy appears;
Hope repeats her blithest tale,
Memory smiles through all her tears.

XXVIII.

No, Lady, 'tis not words can tell
The all I feel, yet fail to speak,
Though, haply, thou may'st view it well,
In varying eye, or changing cheek.

Believe the love is not like mine,
That finds expression paint its flame:
Nor is the mind, dear Maid, like thine,
Which homage poor as this, can claim.

As some lone lamp's refulgent ray
Amid the darkness brightly glows,
And, lost amid the beams of day,
Around, a sickly radiance throws,

To every gazer's eye reveal'd,
Love feebly wavers, soon expires,
But, deep within the heart conceal'd,
Like mine, it burns with quenchless fires.

XXIX.

Belov'd in vain, the hardest lot
With thee 'twere bliss to share;
But thus to see, to hear thee not,
I cannot, cannot bear!

Oh, that I were yon reckless bird,
That skims the air so free,
How blithely should my note be heard,
While flying swift to thee!

The wind might chill my ruffled breast,
The rain my pinions beat;
But never, never would I rest,
Save, dearest, at thy feet.

Ev'n did but one last spark remain
Of life's exhausted fire,
Thy presence it were spent to gain,
And there in bliss expire!

XXX.

THINK'ST thou on me? How oft that thought
Recurs in joy, or pain!
As all, that now can cheer my lot,
Or bid me hope again.

Think'st thou on me? Oh, if thou dost,
Misfortune frowns in vain;
And though her bonds be rude, has lost
The rivet of her chain.

Think'st thou on me? Where'er I rove,
By forest, glen, or rill.
I ask of trembling, doubting love
The anxious question still.

Think'st thou on me? Oh, if thou heed
No more love's broken tie,
Let me expire, before I read
That answer in thine eye!

XXXI.

Thou say'st that grief my looks reveal,
Too well thy tender thoughts divine;
Too fondly hop'd I to conceal
The woe that swells my heart, from thine.

Oh, we have read each other's face
In joy, and grief; in hope, and fear,
'Till not a passion's lighest trace,
Unseen, could shine, or darken there!

XXXII.

When all, that once seem'd good, or fair,
Grows vile, and loathsome in my view,
When vows are held as light as air,
Tho' heaven were call'd to prove them true;

When memory is from thought estrang'd,
The past all vanish'd from my ken,
The essence of my being chang'd,
I may forget; but not 'till then!

XXXIII.

Oh, were we, side by side, to stand
Amid the battle's line,
The shafts of war must pierce my heart,
Before they reach'd to thine!

Or were a sword above my head,
My life at once to end,
Unless I sign'd thy doom of death,
Oh, quick let it descend!

Or were we in a dungeon's gloom,
And freedom might be mine,
That dungeon still should be my tomb,
If it were also thine!

Or, were we sunk in drifting snows,
My breast thy couch should be;
I'd fold thee round; thou should'st not die,
While life remain'd in me.

XXXIV.

Across my troubled path of life
One moment glanc'd thy angel form,
As one sweet moonbeam, 'mid the strife
Of mingling clouds, divides the storm.

Oh, could I deem that thou would'st deign
To waste a transient thought on me,
'Twould lighten half my bosom's pain,
But no, it may not, cannot be!

Why should'st thou think on him, whose sighs
Have never met thy gentle ear,
To whom thy timid, downcast eyes
Were scarcely rais'd, when he was near?

Whose heart but marr'd his conscious tongue,
And, when he faltering strove to speak,
Upon his lip the accents hung,
For, ah, he gaz'd upon thy cheek!

This, this my anguish, to have seen
What never more these eyes shall see,
And thou shalt be, as thou hast been,
As though thou ne'er had'st look'd on me.

So, having hurl'd a random dart,
The archer takes his onward way,
Regardless of the stricken hart,
That bleeds its lingering life away.

XXXV.

Oh, dark, and drear is the moonless night,
And the wind howls in the tree,
But, Annie, there needs no beacon light,
To guide my thoughts to thee.

Silent travellers, swift they go,
On the wings of the wintry blast,
O'er the rush of the stream, thro' the drift of the snow,
Till they rest with thee at last.

Dost thou not feel my kisses prest
Warm on thy lip, and cheek,
The clasp of my arms, and the throb of my breast,
Too deeply happy to speak?

Oh, can these vivid thoughts impart
Such extasy to me,
Yet die unshar'd in my lonely heart,
And be as nought to thee?

Oh, that the struggling soul could break
The barriers around it thrown,
And to those, it visits in thought, could make
Its power, and presence known!

With a shadow of things, that may not be,
Let Sleep my bosom thrill;
Good night to all the world but thee!
In dreams thou'rt with me still.

XXXVI.

THE LAST GLEAM OF EVENING.

"CHILD of the clouds, fair evening gleam,
"Fleet not thus, like Fancy's dream!"
Ev'n while I spoke, my wish was vain;
I saw it skim along the plain;
Now the wavy woods it kist,
Melting in an amber mist;
Now a diamond glory gave
To the river's flashing wave.
Now it languish'd, faint and dim,
Till, on the far horizon's rim,

Its last, and brightest look was given;
Then swift it faded into Heaven.
Ah, Happiness, thy visions fly
Like this pageant of the sky!
Ever lovely, ever fleeting,
Farther from the eye retreating,
Thou seem'st, from happier regions hurl'd,
Impatient of this lower world,
And wilt not deign one scene to dress
In more than transient loveliness.
Where Pleasure's sparkling waters flow,
One moment bright; then dimm'd by woe;
Most radiant, when forsaking earth,
To seek the realms, that gave thee birth.

XXXVII.

SONG OF AN INDIAN SLAVE, SEPARATED FROM HER LOVER.

Oh, ye, who thus tear me away,
Your cruelty triumphs in vain,
Ye may hold us asunder by day,
But sleep shall unite us again!

These poor fragile mansions of clay
For a while to your bonds are resign'd,
But, lords of the body, oh say,
Possess ye a chain for the mind?

And could ye ev'n fetter the soul,
While life still detains me a slave,
Oh, say, in your tyrant controul,
Can ye bind the release of the grave?
Beyond that impassable goal
Your cruelty cannot extend,
And the hour, when my death-knell shall toll,
Your reign, and my sorrows, shall end.

And he, whom afar you convey,
For a while, from my desolate sight,
Shall be mine in that rapturous day,
When his spirit shall take its free flight;
Then ye, who thus tear me away,
Your cruelty triumphs in vain,
For, divide us through life as ye may,
'Tis death shall unite us again.

XXXVIII.

When Night is closing, drear, and chill,
Around the traveller's lonely way,
As far o'er barren heath, and hill,
His faltering steps, bewilder'd, stray,

His eye yet dwells upon the streak,
That marks the track of evening's car,
Or turns above, in Heaven to seek
The radiance of some guiding star.

Thus, when around the present hour
Misfortune all her clouds has cast,
The soul, escaping from her power,
Lives in the future, or the past;

And gazes on the parting gleam
Of pleasures, lost in deep'ning gloom,
Or fondly seeks the cheering beam,
Which Hope sheds bright on those to come.

XXXIX.

THE FAREWELL.

Yes, we must part! perhaps, for ever,
  But Hope would fondly whisper, No;
And, ev'n though fate ourselves should sever,
  Our hearts shall not be parted so.
There is a tie, that binds the soul,
No time, no distance can controul.

And, ev'n in absence, there are pleasures
  Of fairy tints, and witching dies,
More lovely than the bow that measures,
  In soft reflection, earth and skies:
Such joys, such placid joys, be thine,
The pang of parting only mine!

Canst thou not, when the pensive Ev'ning
  Steals through the silent, shadowy dell,
And Light, the world reluctant leaving,
  Just turns to smile his last farewell;
Canst thou not shape the vapours blue
Into the form thou'dst wish to view?

And, when, upon the gliding river,
So mildly sweet, the moonbeams play;
While the pale leaves of aspen quiver,
Pierc'd by the silvery, soften'd ray,
Cannot the breezes whisper near
The voice, thy bosom pants to hear?

So shall all nature ever give thee
Memorial of thine absent friend;
No other record need I leave thee
Than what her own sweet gifts will lend.
But, oh! hush, hush, my idle lay,
Lest grief at last should find its way.

XL.

Remember me, when in thy cot
The embers glow,
And think there's one would share thy lot,
Did fate allow.

When blithe thou breath'st the morning air,
Remember me,
And think how gladly I would share
Its sweets with thee.

And if beneath the shade at eve
Thou pensive lie,
Oh, still to my remembrance heave
One tender sigh!

I need not say I'll think of thee,
Thou know'st I will!
But wilt thou, wilt thou think of me,
And love me still?

Thou wilt, thou wilt! that changing cheek,
That tearful eye,
More sweetly well than words can speak,
Enough reply!

XLI.

Not yet, my soul, look back to view
The rapturous joys, that late were thine,
By time untouch'd, their brilliant hue
Would now too brightly, keenly shine.

Contrasted with the vivid scene,
How dark would seem the present hour,
As, where the lightning's path has been,
Th' impending clouds more deeply low'r.

When Time's soft twilight, stealing on,
Has shed subdued a mellower ray;
When all the grief of grief is flown,
Then turn, and gaze thyself away!

But, should too much the colours fade,
Too quickly lose their wonted fire,
Fond Memory then shall lend her aid,
Nor let one cherish'd trace expire.

XLII.

As, at the early break of dawn,
Sooth'd by the billows ceaseless roar,
Alone, and lost in fancy's dreams,
I stray'd along the winding shore,
My thoughts, afar from shore, or sea,
Oh, best-belov'd, took wing to thee!

And, as a sadly-pleasing train
Of mournful recollections rose,
(For Memory, skilful as the bee,
Extracts a honey, ev'n from woes)
I traced, with half-unconscious hand,
Thy name upon the silver sand.

Again th' unheeding tide shall flow,
Where late its swelling billows came,
And from the yielding sand efface
Each vestige of the cherish'd name;
But Time his waves may vainly roll,
Where it lies graven on my soul.

XLIII.

Hoar Winter returns on the footsteps of Spring,
And snows o'er the May-tree their cold mantle fling,
And, the copse-border'd gardens lone alleys along,
The Nightingale ceases his sweet vernal song.

For, alas, the fair queen of the lay, his lov'd rose,
That had dar'd to the day her frail beauties disclose,
Now fann'd by the breeze, and now bent by the blast,
Droops her pale, pensive head, and is withering fast.

Ah, thus, if beguil'd, in Life's bright-dawning day,
The young heart expand to the World's flatt'ring ray,
The chill blast arises, clouds sweep o'er the sky;
Like yon lonely Rose, it must wither, and die.

XLIV.

It was a winter's evening,
When a beauteous maid I met,
The heav'ns were rosy beaming
With the sun that had lately set;
But, oh, her cheek was of lovelier die
Than ev'n those roses of the sky!

The snow was glittering brightly,
As o'er it she tript, so fleet,
That scarce she left on it lightly,
The print of her little feet,
And still her cheek look'd fresh and fair,
Beside the snow, that sparkled there.

One star, in the west, was shining,
But I turn'd from the realms of space,
To gaze on the beams, combining
Their lustre, in her face;
And there a sister-star could spy,
In the blue heaven of her eye.

One soft, dark cloud was braiding
  Its waves with the golden gleams,
That along the west were fading,
  Like Fancy's fairy dreams;
And in her locks, I could behold
Such soft dark braids, such tints of gold.

From Spring I may not borrow
  Charms more akin to thee,
For I sing in despair and sorrow,
  Thou art wintry cold to me!
Yet even Winter shews thee fair,
Oh, how much more than others are!

XLV.

A MORNING HYMN.

When morn's returning beams inspire
  The birds' enraptur'd lays,
How glows my mind to wake the lyre,
  And join the general praise!

While nature's quiristers rejoice
Thy blessings, Lord, to share,
And tune for thee each rival voice,
Shall mine be wanting there?

How sweet, from every herb, and flower,
That freshen'd fragrance steals,
Known only when the morning hour
Its dewy light reveals!

When odours, whereso'er I stray,
From earth's great altar rise,
Shall Gratitude neglect to pay
Her nobler sacrifice?

On all thy sun benignant beams,
For all, thy breezes blow;
For all, thy cool abundant streams
Lead freshness, where they flow;

Thy flowers, for all, perfume the sod
Thy fruits for all provide;
To all, Thou liv'st; but Thou, O God,
For man alone hast died!

SONNETS.

SONNETS.

I.

TO THE SEA.

Chief of God's works! In grandeur of repose,
Or majesty of turbulence, to me
Still art thou beautiful, most glorious Sea!
And oft, when Morning on thy mirror glows,
Or Twilight's shadowy curtains round thee close,
I gaze, with full-expanded soul, on thee,
The boundless Heaven, thy only boundary.
Thee, at thy birth, th' Almighty Maker chose
Aye to resound his everlasting praise;
Thy solemn-sounding diapason suits
The theme of his tremendous attributes,
When thy full waves the lofty chorus raise;
And, murmuring sweet as Angels' golden lutes,
His mercy whispers in thy softer lays.

II.

THE WINTER MORNING.

When on the Sun's broad orb distinct is seen
(As slow it rises on the watchful view
From yon slope hill) the tall firs' dusky hue,
And the long rays, piercing the woodland screen
In separate lines, and glistering rainbow sheen,
Bid the wild forms, that Frost fantastic drew
On the dimm'd pane, dissolve in amber dew,
I, in my studious cell, taste joy serene,
And think how many, at this cheerful hour,
Self-doom'd, within the City's noisome air,
Quench the free play of every mental power,
Wooing dull Slumber on the couch of Care,
Regardless of the high celestial dower,
Which Nature's own devoted children share.

III.

THE WINTER EVENING.

THE wintry Evening frowns. The moaning trees
Shiver, despoiled of their raiment proud,
Lour the dull skies with many a murky cloud,
Hurrying before the wildly-driving breeze;
Dimly, far off, along the upland leas,
The tempest travels in its misty shroud,
While, in the vale, the surging vapors crowd,
Rolling their billows, like conflicting seas.
Fitfully borne upon the gusty wind
The heavy rain-drop beats upon my face,
Yet, rais'd to kindred thought, my musing mind
In Nature still a pensive charm can trace,
As of some beauteous mourner, who, resign'd
To chilling sorrow, droops in wonted grace.

IV.

ON LEAVING SURREY.

Hascombe, to those blue streams, that gladdening lave
Thy wood-embroider'd vale, still Evening lent
Her mellowing tints; the bough, enamour'd, bent
To kiss its soft reflection in the wave;
And every breathing flower, dew-sprinkled, gave
More richly to the gale its summer scent,
When last, in youthful hope, I gaily went
To bid thy banks adieu. Now, boisterous rave
Wild-howling winds, and Winter's hand has torn
Autumn's last relic from the storm-rock'd tree.
I too with spoiling grief have droop'd forlorn
Since my stray footsteps wander'd far from thee,
And now, thy joyless scenes appear to mourn,
Accordant still, as when they smil'd with me.

V.

THE TARN.*

O SOLITARY Tarn, within thy breast
Dwelling of man has ne'er reflected been,
Nor on its sacred purity serene
Hath, from Creation's dawn, been aught imprest,
Save the wild forms, that Solitude loves best;
The sky, the rock, the mountain's trackless green,
Form the sole grandeur of the simple scene,
Which closes round thee in such perfect rest.
Oh, how above all mortals blest were he,
To whom a bosom pure as thine were given,
Thus from the World's unholy image free,
Thus shelter'd from Life's storms, and ever even,
Reflecting Nature's simplest forms, like thee,
Its depths, like thine, reserv'd for only Heaven.

---

* A tarn is a small mountain-lake.

VI.

ON SHAKESPEARE.

WHERE the tall chesnuts, waving to the breeze,
Extend their venerable pomp of shade,
And all their leafy bowers are vocal made
By the soft music of the murmuring bees,
That hang upon their bloom, thee, gentle Ease,
Who lov'st the turf, the moss, the thymy glade,
I woo, on flowery hillock careless laid,
While Shakespeare's numbers on my fancy seize.
Round the dark trunks of yon romantic trees
I see the Elves their summer dances braid;
Now, to the jocund horn's inspiring cheer,
A troop of joyous foresters sweep by;
Anon, bright Spirits glide along the sky,
And Ariel's lonely lute enchants the ear.

VII.

WRITTEN ON A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

Oh for a Claude's soft pencil swift to trace,
Ere yet they fade, the hues of yonder cloud,
That o'er the Moon hath flung its melting shroud,
To catch the semblance of its silvery grace!
'Tis fled; and o'er her meek-submitting face
The darker vapours turbulently crowd;
Now, with slow majesty, serenely proud,
She rises into clear, cerulean space,
Up the blue vault, from staining shadows free,
Still as she climbs, she sheds a purer beam,
Aspiring thus to Virtue's heavenly height,
Is the soul purified through each degree
Of brightening splendour, till she reach supreme
The full meridian of her holy light.

VIII.

ON A LADY SINGING.

The touching pathos of thy low, sweet voice
Fell on my soul, like dew on drooping flowers,
And breath'd such memory of departed hours,
As made me weep, yet, in my grief, rejoice.
Again I seem'd to be a happy child,
Listening some sad, and wildly-warbled lay,
With quiet-streaming tears. Now, far away,
Where'er my truant footsteps are beguil'd,
Thy plaintive tones, recall'd by night, and day,
Linger in Memory's echo-haunted cell,
Mournful, yet full of joy; nor know I well
Whether to chide them, or to bid them stay,
Yet play in this the lover's wayward part,
Still clasping the lov'd sorrow to my heart.

IX.

TO FANNY, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

SPRING should have claim'd thy birthday, lovely Maid;
She, in her sweet caprice, and sparkling glee,
With touches of deep tenderness allay'd,
Breaking from tears, so much resembles thee!
Then had her violets, breathing in the shade,
Her gay birds, caroling on every tree,
Thy poet's duteous homage well array'd
In many an apt, and glowing simile.
Now, pensive Autumn steals along the glade,
And I, alas, can no resemblance find
In all her charms to thine; save the rich braid
Of golden tresses, which her brow doth bind;
Yet in her generous stores I see portray'd
The lavish wealth, and bounty of thy *mind*.

X.

TO ADA, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

No costly offerings, on thy day of birth,
Are pour'd around thee by the festive crowd,
Yet Love can give a simple floweret worth
Above the rich oblations of the proud.
Thou wilt not hear the gratulations loud
Of many voices, but thy quiet hearth
Shall witness many a heartfelt wish avow'd,
And echo daily to the heart's own mirth.
And, of the voices, that shall wish thee blest,
Still blest with him, whose fate is link'd with thine,
And pray, that ever, in thy gentle breast,
The light of holiest happiness may shine,
With all, that Heav'n can promise, Earth give best,
None, Ada, can be more sincere than mine.

XI.

ON A DESERTED VILLAGE, IN CUMBERLAND.

Fit shroud art thou, O sable grove of fir,
For yon dismantled dwellings, where no more
The sounds of rustic labour, as of yore,
Nor laugh, nor song of joyous villager
Rouse the dull air, nor aught is seen to stir,
Save yonder restless springs, that, bursting o'er,
Through the rank grass their scatter'd waters pour.
Oft to this scene Remembrance will recur,
When Melancholy seeks some kindred spot
Amid the past, where calmly she may weep,
And here, when foes have pierc'd, or friends forgot,
Her quiet watch shall Resignation keep
With unobtrusive Woe, that speaketh not,
Nursing sad thoughts, as silent rivers, deep.

XII.

THE STORMY NIGHT.

Shrill shrieks the North wind, to the sullen surge
Responding, as it breaks with hoarse, dull moan;
There's anguish in the sharp, impatient tone,
A mourner's answer to a funeral dirge
O'er one belov'd. I tread the cliff's steep verge,
Ev'n at this dark, tempestuous hour, alone,
Yet not in loneliness; for He, whose throne
Is on the clouds, whose car the wild winds urge,
Is with me. 'Tis the Lord's majestic voice,
That makes such awful music! Yea, ev'n now,
With a deep bliss, my spirit can rejoice,
In Nature's lofty terrors, while I bow
To His controul, whom winds and waves obey,
My soul, more wild, more turbulent than they.

XIII.

ON SURREY.

Dear native county, what unnumber'd ties
Have bound me to thee! Not alone that thou
Art England's Eden, nor that, musing slow,
I love to wander where thy sand-rocks rise
Above thy bowery lanes, and catch the sighs
Of the pure gales, which o'er thy wild heaths blow,
And climb, at morn, or eve, some hill's steep brow,
To watch the brightening, or the fading skies,
But dear domestic bonds, which still more fast
Time round my heart draws ever, as he flies,
Fond Memory, with her pictures of the past,
And winning tales of Childhood's simple joys,
And Hope, who dreams, that, in thy vales at last,
Some friendly hand shall close my peaceful eyes.

XIV.

WRITTEN AT CAMBRIDGE.

HERE let me sit, upon this shaded stile,
Where none but rustic sights may meet mine eye,
And rural sounds alone steal murmuring by,
That dreams of thee, sweet Surrey, for awhile
The view of cheated Fancy may beguile:
Yon clouds, high-pil'd amid the western sky,
Thy hills, thy rocks, thy woodlands shall supply,
And, like thy brooks, their tints of amber smile.
As the Swiss exile, should he haply hear
The melting wildness of his native strain,
Pines for his home; so I, condemn'd to wear
The livelong day on Cam's unvaried plain,
If aught more rural meet my eye, or ear,
O Surrey, pant to climb thy hills again!

XV.

THE MOONLIGHT WALK.

THE last vibration of the midnight bell,
While in the cloister's solemn gloom I stray,
Ebbs on the undulating air away,
And slow retires from every echoing cell :
Emerging then where Cynthia's beams dispel
Night's deeper shades, and tinge the trees with gray,
I bathe mine eyes in the mild, tranquil ray,
So grateful, when day's glare has bid farewell.
Now steals a softer moonlight o'er the mind;
Life's poor illusions quit the clearer sight;
No more to this low-thoughted sphere confin'd,
Devotion wings to Heaven her angel flight;
And Contemplation, mournful, yet resign'd,
Hails, with calm joy, her own beloved light.

XVI.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O Nightingale, they do sweet Nature wrong,
Who say that Grief inspires thy nightly strain;
When did she teach her children to complain?
No! 'Tis exuberant rapture swells thy song,
A joy, unknown to the unholy throng,
Who the blest name of happiness profane.
Returning from thy lonely woodland reign,
Now, as I pace the midnight streets along,
I hear the uproar of intemperate mirth.
There is true sadness in the sensual sound,
Idle as ideot laughter in the throat
Of hollow death. 'Tis Man untunes the earth,
And seems a jarring, and discordant note,
Where peaceful harmony prevails around.

XVII.

ON HAGLEY.

Not that the cunning ministry of Art,
With rustic edifice, and pillar'd seat,
O Hagley, has adorn'd thy fair retreat,
Does Ecstasy her silent thrill impart
To thy true votaries. The longing heart,
The wistful eye, from these, will turn to greet
The works of Nature, whether at our feet
She spread her treasures, or her varied chart
Afar unroll, as from thy steepy hills
We gaze, and all our upward toil repay.
Not ev'n the Bards, who sang thy groves, and rills,
Can charm the homage of our thoughts away;
'Tis Nature all the yielding spirit fills,
'Tis Nature's God demands th' exulting lay.

XVIII.

THE CHOICE.

When Reason made me capable of choice,
To me three Sister Nymphs, yet rivals, came,
Each strove my young affections to inflame,
And fix me hers for life. With warbled voice,
Whose tones would now exultingly rejoice,
Now melt in woe, the first preferr'd her claim.
The next display'd, with fond, ambitious aim,
All gorgeous colours, that might most entice
The yielding will. But, oh, the third drew nigh,
And won me with her smile. Her bright eyes dart
Their sunbeams on my soul. Entranc'd I cry,
O best, and loveliest, teach me all thine art,
Let thy sweet sisters rule mine ear, or eye,
But thou alone reign mistress of my heart.

XIX.

ON THE PAINTING OF SALVATOR ROSA.

Salvator! Let these silent tears applaud
The savage wonders, that thy pencil dealt!
What bursting transport must thy soul have felt
When thy conceptions leapt in light abroad,
And, half at its own miracles o'eraw'd,
Thy Genius at the shrine of Nature knelt!
How deeply in thy glorious spirit dwelt
Th' immortal energy, that shall defraud
Time, and Oblivion! Fir'd with joy sublime,
My fancy rushes on the burning hour,
When thy mind travail'd with some mighty birth,
Transfus'd into thy thoughts, I venturous climb,
With thee, to pluck Fame's amaranthine flower,
Trampling the sceptres, and the gaudes of earth.

XX.

ON GENIUS.

Prometheus, was not the celestial fire,
Thy bold hand snatch'd to quicken sluggish clay,
That subtle spark, that rapture-kindling ray,
On earth call'd Genius? Soul of Poet's lyre,
Of Painter's touch? Of Music's seraph-choir
Th' informing spirit? And, Pygmalion, say,
Did not thy matchless statue life display,
Touch'd by that torch, which can alone inspire
The breathing stone? Oh, heaven-descended guest,
Still hold me captive to thy blest controul!
I own thee sovereign of my willing soul,
Lord of my tears, and smiles. Divinely blest,
Might I pierce boldly to thy inner shrine,
Nor only worship thee, but call thee mine!

XXI.

THE COPSE.

I LOVE to roam, at morning, through yon copse,
Forgetful of the busy World's alarms,
Where, o'er my path, their intermingling arms
Gray hazels weave, glittering with pendent drops
Of orient dew; what time, the cluster'd hops,
Through their thin veil, display their early charms,
And the white ridges of the distant farms
Shine, 'mid the varied green of waving crops,
Like foam on ocean's bosom. There, the song
Of the gay Thrush, in many an artless trill
Warbled, the gales, that softly float along,
Mix'd with the murmur of the moaning rill,
Hush every fond complaint of Fortune's wrong,
Grief for past joy, or fear of future ill.

XXII.

ON FANCY.

Oh Fancy, when a child, too rashly bold,
I found thee coil'd beneath the lonely shade,
And took thee for my chaplet; as 'tis told,
Forth from her cottage stole an Indian maid,
And, as she wander'd down the deepening glade,
Espied a snake, in hues of green and gold,
And glittering panoply of light array'd.
Round her smooth brow the shining death she roll'd,
With childish glee, in many a wanton braid,
The dark redundance of her locks to hold,
And, of the glassy brook, a mirror made,
To view, and vary every sportive fold.
Sudden she starts; she shrieks, in frantic pain!
Death, keenly shivering, darts through every vein.

XXIII.

COMPOSED ON THE SEA-SHORE.

'Tis night! I sit me down upon the shore;
The blank mist darkens on my baffled eye,
Interminably mingling sea, and sky;
No sound I hear save the dull billows' roar.
The soul, thrown back upon herself to pore,
Is mystery. I ask, what, whence am I?
Then, trembling, glance into eternity.
A wild sensation, never felt before,
Arrests my breath. 'Tis as the world were past,
And I were left to meditate alone,
A living statue, on the lifeless waste,
The heavens my tent, the earth my empty throne,
Beyond the sphere of joy, or sorrow cast,
Behind, a dark abyss; before, a void unknown.

XXIV.

ON KIRKE WHITE.

Though as the dews of morning short thy date,
Though Sorrow look'd on thee, and said, "Be mine,"
Yet, with a holy ardour, Bard divine,
I burn, I burn, to share thy glorious fate,
Above whate'er of honour, or estate,
This transient world can give. How vainly shine
Power's golden sceptre, Rank's emblazon'd line,
Wealth's jewell'd robe, thy fame to emulate!
For thou hast won the prize of well-tried worth,
That prize, which from thee never can be riven,
Thine is a proud, immortal name on earth,
Thine amaranthine wreaths, new-pluck'd in heaven,
By what aspiring child, of mortal birth,
Could more be ask'd? To whom might more be given?

XXV.

PETRARCH TO LAURA.

Oh, dearer than the dearest, through this sea
Of doubts, and troubles, and perplexing fears,
Where my frail bark with trembling caution steers,
What is't, that guides me, but the love of thee?
'Tis said that love with time will cease to be,
But mine has stood the silent lapse of years,
Undimm'd by absence, uneffac'd by tears,
Yea, deeper grav'd by all my misery!
Men said, I should forget thee; did they know
The depth, and nature of a love, like mine;
That Love's true orb, through Sorrow's cloud may throw
Its shadow o'er it, cannot cease to shine?
Alas, their eyes are ever fix'd below,
What should they comprehend of things divine?

XXVI.

ON VISITING SOME NORMAN RUINS NEAR CASTLE-ACRE PRIORY, IN NORFOLK.

Ye Norman walls, half sunk in grand decay,
Vainly your pomp my wearied spirit sees,
While round your pile yon group of Children play,
Like pigmies sporting round a giant's knees.
No glorious visions of the olden day
Before me flit; the soul must be at ease
For Fancy to exert her lively sway,
For Art to charm, or Nature's self to please.
Ah, not for me the dead of other years,
Arising, people your majestic round,
A nearer interest claims my thoughts, and tears,
And disenchants your legendary ground,
While o'er each spot glides one lov'd phantom pale,
And one lov'd voice still sighs in every gale.

XXVII.

TO THE GODDESS OF MATHEMATICS.

O Mathesis, I loathe thy very sight!
Methinks, I see thee now thy form disclose,
(Circles, thine eyes, a triangle, thy nose)
While Taste and Fancy fly in wild affright!
Hence to the realms of Erebus, and night,
Hence to thy friends, for I am of thy foes!
O'er thy sad page bid owl-ey'd Dulness doze,
Where walls monastic dim day's cheerful light.
Me shall the various lyre of Shakespeare charm,
Or Milton's pomp transport to worlds above;
Me Æschylus with pleasing dread alarm,
Or Homer fire, or Ovid melt to love.
He, whom the Muses once have deign'd to warm,
Can never, never thy disciple prove!

XXVIII.

TO PEACE.

While I recline near this lone water-fall,
Gazing upon it, till, at every gush,
The waters seem, with wilder force, to rush,
Dizzily foaming down their rocky wall;
While o'er my head yon airy cedars tall
Wave their wide arms; come, holy Peace, and hush
Each thought, at which thy Virgin cheek might blush,
Within my breast. Ah, wherefore should I call
On thy sweet voice in vain! I do not sigh
For brighter fame, than waits the bard's career,
Me mad Ambition never hurl'd from high,
No dreams of wealth excite my hope, or fear,
Nor unrequited Passion bids thee fly;
Ah, why then vainly do I woo thee here?

XXIX.

ON FINDING SOME EARLY SNOW-DROPS.

How spring-like is the fragrance of these flowers,
Which, from the green bank, woo the passing stream!
Their vernal breath awakes the tender theme
Of early pleasures; while the fairy hours
(When, 'mid blithe April's dew-bespangled bowers,
I wander'd, jocund as the sunny gleam,
That laughs away the oft-returning showers,)
Steal on my soul, resistless as a dream.
O Memory, not with sight, or sound, alone,
Thy sympathies are link'd! Thy sway prevails
O'er every sense; all Nature is thine own;
Thy Handmaids are her streams, her groves, her gales;
Ev'n from her flowers thy magic art exhales
Joy's subtle sweets, though Joy itself be flown.

XXX.

THE CONTRAST.

WHERE the long vista opens to the west,
Through the deep foliage of the tangled brake,
How richly glows yon small, embosom'd lake,
Mirror of Eve, with all her hues imprest!
While other waters, in the vapory east,
Beneath cold Twilight's eye, gleam pale, and bleak,
Nor any print of Evening's beauty take;
Unjoyous as the dull, and wordly breast,
For whom in vain the charms of Nature shine,
To whom in vain God's lavish gifts are given;
While thou, fair lake, imprest with hues of Even,
Art as the bosom, touch'd with light divine,
That catches warmth from Nature's radiant shrine,
And lives, and glows, beneath the smile of Heaven.

THE END.

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